NATIONAL REVIEW

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May 6, 1961

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Cuba, RIP

AN EDITORIAL

The "Operation Abolition" Film: Just Who's Distorting What?

M. STANTON EVANS

What Chance in Rhodesia?

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · · HENRY HAZLITT
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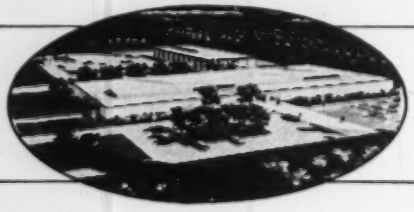

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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In This Issue . . .

➔ we feature a conclusive treatment of the controversy surrounding *Operation Abolition*, the film documentary released by the House Committee on Un-American Activities. **M. Stanton Evans**, editor of the *Indianapolis News*, has made a considerable study of the episode the film deals with—the student riots at San Francisco last May. The effort to discredit *Operation Abolition* has become a Cause Militant for the Liberal Left. But the facts, says Mr. Evans, are as they are, and are ugly indeed—worth the effort of a self-respecting Liberal, caught allowing exploitation of his energies by Communists, to hide. Mr. Evans will show the film at the next NATIONAL REVIEW Forum (May 4), and undertake to answer objections to it from the audience.

➔ **James Burnham** wrote two weeks ago, a few days before the Cuban invasion, that invasion was imminent, and that failure would be catastrophic. He discusses now the consequences of irresolution. . . . **Henry Hazlitt,** the widely known economist, suggests a program for tapering off economic foreign aid gracefully—a program which would, in fact, result in an increase in the most useful kind of foreign aid: private investments abroad. . . . **Russell Kirk,** who is on a statistical jag that will absolutely confound anyone who says poets can't figure, goes to work on the final presumptions of those who say only the federal government can raise the money for more education. . . . And **Anthony Lejeune,** just back in England from Africa, reports on the crisis in Southern Rhodesia, and goes so far as to say he is against demagogues, even if they are black.

➔ **Garry Wills** treats with great sensitivity the new translation of the Bible. Mr. Wills has been with the *Richmond News Leader* for the past two months; but even after so short an interlude, has succumbed to the lure of academic life. In September, he will join a new center of Hellenic Studies in Washington. He will not, however, give up scarifying, he promises. *Extremely* talented, highly-read conservative writers may apply to Mr. Kilpatrick of the *News Leader* to fill the vacancy. . . . **Georg Mann** writes about *The S-Man*, an English how-to-do-it (succeed) in the tradition of Potter and Parkinson—only, one gathers, not so good. . . . **William Rusher** comments on the latest novel by Mitchell Wilson, a relative unknown in America, but hailed for some years now in Russia as among the top two or three American novelists. Needless to say, he is pretty awful. . . . **Stefan Possony,** strategist, historian, political theorist, reviews Franco Venturi's *Roots of Revolution*, and concludes that those who altogether discard the place of conspiracy in history, simply do not know history. . . . **Francis Russell,** bless him, tells us about some of the worst plays he ever saw, and how nearly the play he saw last week, made it into that select list. ➔

The WEEK

● Well, it looks as if they've got Moise Tshombe. He was not the sort of fellow you can allow to run around loose in these progressive days. Likes to run his government in his own way, ready to work amicably with Europeans and even with (smile when you say that word, stranger) capitalists, believes in Christianity, hates Communists, distrusts the UN. You know the kind: trouble-maker, stirrer-up of tensions, fomenter of the cold war, road block in the path of Africa's Liberation, reactionary, fascist, and probably a white man in disguise. So he had to go, and since all the maneuvers of Dag Hammarskjold and Rajeshwar Dayal and all the operations of the disorderly, divided troops of the first wave of the UN invasion couldn't get him, the machine-hard Gurkhas had to be brought in, by the thousands—in the planes of the U.S. Air Force and the transport of the U.S. Navy—and put down in his territories. With the Gurkha hammer suspended over his head, his local rivals, egged on, could raise their cowardly spirits, invite him to parley, and grab him by an act of treachery which should win them new ovations on their next appearance at the General Assembly.

● After his meeting with the President, Nelson Rockefeller informs us that the aircraft that met the Cuban expedition "were not Cuban jets." Not a peep of denial has been heard from the Cuban aircraft industry.

● A thousand Young Republican collegians gathered in St. Paul recently to elect their Midwest chairman for the coming year. Their choice was between a Goldwater conservative (James Abstine) and a Rockefeller Liberal (Peter McPherson), and their sympathies became so clear during the convention that the Rockefeller candidate withdrew before the final ballot. The victor received an award last March from Young Americans for Freedom for conservative leadership among college students. "The conservative movement, led by Senator Goldwater, is increasing in strength daily," Abstine said, "particularly among people in our age bracket. College students and others are rallying to the standard of conservatism. Principles are at stake in this fight, and we do not mean to stop until it is won."

● A French meteorologist named Lecerf was stationed at Lake Bunia in the Congo, near Stanleyville. A couple of weeks ago he was ordered to report the next morning to Congolese army headquarters, to be whipped. M. Lecerf made tracks for the nearest UN military post, which gave him sanctuary and started an investigation to find out what crime he had committed. It turned out to be grand larceny. He had stolen Bunia's good weather and sold it to the enemy.

● The Limits of Free Speech (*New Leader* Division): "To have men going about calling in print and over the air for the impeachment of the Chief Justice of the United States is going a bit too far with free speech. There comes a time to call a halt." William E. Bohn in *The New Leader* (April 17, 1961).

● What did the long experience of the Reverend Adam Clayton Powell Jr. prove? That if you know the right people, and hire the right mouthpiece, the chances are very good that you can have a long and happy life despite the Bureau of Internal Revenue. At first the Republicans tried to kill the grand jury investigation. Then, that having failed, thanks to an incorruptible assistant U.S. attorney, they drew up a sloppy indictment. Then they delayed 15 months bringing Powell to trial. Having lost on two counts, and got a split jury on the third, they announced the case was very much alive and would come up for retrial any day now. And did nothing for 18 months. The Democrats came in—and announced grounds for bringing Mr. Powell to trial again were insufficient. That decision was presumably made by Mr. Robert Kennedy, who only a month earlier joined with other members of his brother's cabinet in sending greetings to Mr. Powell on the occasion of a large dinner in honor of the mountebank. It can truthfully be said, we believe, that in shielding Adam Clayton Powell Jr. from the rigors of justice, the Republicans and the Democrats have acted in a genuine spirit of bipartisanship.

● Sometimes the fumes of Eastern Seaboard Liberalism are overpowering: the smell of *Partisan Review*, to greet the dawn; the *Times* for breakfast; the heat of the *Post* at midday; the *Dissent* of the evening sun; Susskind as nightcap. . . . And then you spot it, and you laugh, and laugh, and laugh till you can't bear it: at the annual meeting of the DAR last week the vote on the Peace Corps was against—2,082 to one!

● "We are tired of having a few self-appointed 'opinion leaders' tell us what we think. We are sick of having them stand before the United States and the world and self-righteously claim that they speak for the 'students of the United States of America.'" Kay Wonderlic, Vice President of the Northwestern University Student Senate, issued this warning to the leaders of the National Student Association as she announced last week the formation of "Students Committed to Accurate National Representation"

(SCANR), 640 Emerson Street, Evanston, Ill. SCANR will attempt to reform the NSA, which it claims has come under the control of a small group of self-perpetuating leftist "professional students." Miss Wonderlic charged that only one-third of American college student bodies are affiliated with the NSA, and that most students on even those campuses are not familiar with NSA's operations, although it claims to speak for all American students. Minority views are suppressed, she charged, and "if we wish to voice a protest, there is no provision for us to be heard." The most recent example she presented was NSA's conference on the Peace Corps in Washington —not a conference to examine the pros and cons as students really see them, as NSA officials had billed it, but "a pep rally for the Peace Corps." Her warning to the NSA: "We will tolerate it no longer."

● Soapy Williams went to Africa. Soapy Williams came back from Africa. *Veni, Vidi, Whoopsie!*

● *Candidate Kennedy in April 1960: "Seventeen million Americans go to bed hungry every night!"* Professor Willard Cochrane, the President's agricultural adviser, seven months later: "Hungry people are so rare that they are difficult to pick up in even a large-scale survey. If anything, the average American is overfed." *Candidate Kennedy, August 26, 1960: "the missile gap looms larger and larger ahead."* Defense Secretary McNamara, February 1961, to a group of military experts: "There was no missile gap." In commenting on his Secretary's remarks, the President: it is "premature" to judge. *Candidate Kennedy, January 23, 1960: ". . . while America becomes second in space."* President Kennedy, January 29, 1961: "Today this country is ahead in the science and technology of space."

● Faced with a Republican conservative and a Democrat too conservative for their liking, Texas Liberals have to make a difficult choice June 4th. Should they sit out the campaign, let Republican John Tower win, and hope that by thus establishing a true two-party system in Texas the conservative wing will move out of the Democratic Party and leave it to them? Or should they remain loyal to the party and vote for William Blakley? After all, for years they have accused the conservative Democrats of disloyalty—of voting Republican when the Democratic ticket is Liberal—so how can they now go and do the same thing? Senator Ralph Yarborough, the Liberal leader in the state, remains silent on the point. *The Texas Observer*, the state's Liberal political newspaper, is even leaning toward support of Tower, although officially adopting a wait-and-see policy. Its rationale: Party loyalty binds the officeholders, but not the rank-and-file.

● Adlai Stevenson called the UN into an intelligence briefing in which he instructed them that the United States, which can lick any Caribbean island still afloat, obviously had nothing to do with the unhappy episode at Cochino Bay. A couple of days later President Kennedy accepted full responsibility for everything. Now, what was it that the Democrats were saying last year about the first official statements on the U-2 incident . . .?

Cuba, RIP

There are to be investigations. Robert Kennedy will ask someone to ask someone to ask someone why someone didn't give someone the right information. Someone may even get fired (though not fired at) and in the end, Allen Dulles will absolve Allen Dulles and Robert Kennedy will report to John Kennedy that *mutatis mutandis, mutanda mutata*. Perhaps Harvard will even add to the graduate curriculum a course or two on Invasions, Amphibious, to fill in the little lacunae in the expertise of future Harvard Administrations.

It is always interesting to know just what went wrong, whether if the landing had been at the next beach over, the first wave might have been protected from the devastating enfilade fire—that kind of thing. Such details are always gripping, and during the past week have engaged much of the time of our analysts. But none of the stories succeeds in assigning to any logistical, strategic, or intelligence misreckonings the essential blame for the terrible fiasco. The failure was a failure of will.

President Kennedy, who is a proud man and a very intelligent man, realized after 72 hours, on Thursday, that we were sinking fast, and grasped, as is so human, for a rhetorical counterweight. His doughty words about the character of the Communists having been forever stamped upon the streets of Budapest, were an orotund version of the little boy's taunts hurled at the bully but only after reaching the cover of his own back yard. The words made Kennedy feel better, indeed all of us feel better: but only for so long as we were able to detach them from the context of our wretched, miserable performance on Playa de los Cochinos, where we left, rather than offend World Opinion, seven hundred brave Cubans to die, and six million others to live in slavery. If the people of the world look upon us with contempt, it is because we have been contemptible.

Have we learned? There is always reason to hope. But there is also always reason not to hope. It was said in 1956 that Eisenhower learned his lesson at Geneva in 1955, that summiteering was unprofitable

—and then after Budapest in 1956, that he had *finally* learned his lesson about the Russians—and then there was Camp David—and then the Paris Summit in May: Eisenhower never learned. But Kennedy is temperamentally different. Mr. Eisenhower was never given to sizing up the enemy. He proved, very late in his Administration, that he knew very little about the nature of Communism; we doubt if he ever read *Mein Kampf* even after being given command of the armies against Nazism. Kennedy is different. If he will size up the enemy as carefully as he did, say, Hubert Humphrey; if he will face Cuba with the same determination, courage, and resolution with which he faced the West Virginia primary, he will win.

We need to remind ourselves from time to time that there is no reason why we should *not* win this war. We are bigger and, potentially, we can fight with the strength of free men. The weakness we showed last week was of our own making. Anyone looks ridiculous who lies, deceives—and is ineffectual. The Soviet Union lies and deceives—and murders and kills and enslaves and pounds shoes on desks in glittering surroundings: but somehow never appears ridiculous, because the assertion of the will, the harnessing of history to that will, is the business of men; and before such manliness, other men give way. Ours is the opportunity to be strong in pursuit of Righteousness.

Unity's Use and Abuse

In response to the defeat in Cuba, President Kennedy has lost no time in making at least one move: an appeal for bipartisan domestic support. He has talked with Eisenhower, Nixon, Goldwater and Rockefeller, and scheduled a visit with Herbert Hoover. The first four pledged allegiance in a spirit that Eisenhower summed up: "I am all in favor of the United States supporting the man who has to carry the responsibility for our foreign affairs."

Granted, agreed, full speed ahead. But let's keep in mind the difference between uniting the parties for action in a crisis, and uniting them in order to stifle the legitimate questioning and criticism that are not only the right but the duty of the opposition. It looks as if Kennedy may have in mind a long-term national agreement to a moratorium on dissent from whatever he may have done or will do in foreign affairs.

If the oath of allegiance leads to a vow of poverty, so be it. But it does not need to lead to a vow of silence. It is entirely possible—indeed, it is the traditional habit in this country—to work and fight in the common defense even while maintaining a responsible criticism of the policies of whatever party holds the White House.

In order to support President Kennedy in the present confusion it is not necessary that the Republican Party give him a blanket and perpetual power of attorney. Responsible political dissent helps to correct old policy and create sounder new policy. It is, in fact, a symbol of the only thing we are justified in going to war to defend. This country needs a loyal opposition as much as it needs loyalty itself.

Charles de Gaulle: Prisoner

What could have been the inmost thoughts of Charles de Gaulle as he checked the roster of the united front that formed around him in the face of the Algerian revolt? In the front rank, resurgent, with all its banners flying: the Communist Party of France, known for thirty years as Moscow's most slavish servant within the world apparatus—the party which, under the aegis of the Nazi-Soviet Pact, sold France out to Hitler. Close behind, arms linked with the Communists: the wordy crowd of fellow travelers, socialists, Mendèsistes, Sartrists, New Wavers, Bardotists, existentialists, pacifists, *blouses noirs*—the demoralized crew whose political and spiritual emptiness Charles de Gaulle has for so many years so scornfully exposed and rejected.

And then, ah then, forming one entire flank: the National Liberation Front—the FLN and its "provisional government for Algeria" (GPRA)—the High Command of France's most ferocious enemy, director of the tortures, mutilations and killing of so many hundreds of French soldiers and so many tens of thousands of innocent French subjects, both Moslem and Christian. Yes, on April 24 the FLN called from Tunisia "to all men and all peoples who love liberty" to stand with Charles de Gaulle and "the fight of the French people against fascism . . . colonialist barbarism . . . and the fascist generals in Algeria."

These reported present and accounted for. The names of the missing were no less eloquent: Jacques Soustelle, who left his scholar's chair in the darkest days to build the intelligence and operational networks that turned de Gaulle's dream of a liberated France into reality; who founded the Rally of the French People and stood with de Gaulle throughout all the involutions of the postwar years; whom de Gaulle chose as his chief minister in creating the Fifth Republic. Georges Bidault, fabulous hero of the Resistance, who has never lost his good sense, his principles or his political insight. Marshal Juin, the war's greatest French hero next to de Gaulle himself, France's highest ranking officer. . . . And Maurice Challe.

Thorez, Mitterand, Mendès-France, Ferhat Abbas were by de Gaulle's side. But Maurice Challe being absent: absent, but accounted for, for Challe chose —knowing the desperation and tragedy of his choice —to lead the revolt. Maurice Challe—now portrayed as "reactionary," "fascist," thug and gangster by the FLN and our journalistic scavengers—has been, for France, the highest living embodiment of the ideal of the soldier: absolute in courage, skill, dedication, loyalty, self-sacrifice. Like Raoul Salan—France's most decorated hero, almost mythical figure of the Resistance, victor over Nazi armies, one who endured in Vietnam—Maurice Challe has the further attribute that France expects of her great soldiers, and found so splendidly in de Gaulle himself: the strain of wide-ranging but rigorous intellectuality.

So far from being "reactionaries," Challe and Salan are strongly integrationist toward Moslem-French relations, and have always insisted that the military side of the war in Algeria is insoluble without a vigorous program of land reform and economic and social improvement. They are strategists and students of history, and they therefore know that the northern coast of Africa is Europe's southern flank. They know that throughout history, the fate of Europe—of the West—has time after time been decided in North Africa: by what happened in North Africa to Phoenicians, Romans, Arabs, Ottoman Turks—and in modern times, by what happened to Nelson and Napoleon, Rommel and Montgomery and Eisenhower. They know that, with the Western guard withdrawn from the Suez gate, the great enterprise now based in the Eurasian heartland is thrusting into and across North Africa, in order to outflank Europe and paralyze her ability to resist a direct drive on the eastern front. They know, finally, that the FLN —even if this is not the deliberate intent of all its leaders—must succumb, exactly as Castro's movement has succumbed, to the Communist embrace.

These soldiers and their associates were the men who brought de Gaulle to power in 1958, because they believed—and had good reason to believe—that he thought as they did. With what seems an almost obsessive and robotic rigidity, de Gaulle destroyed and betrayed their hope. All normal and legal means having been exhausted, these soldiers—in the most tragic decision of their lives, more tragic infinitely than the death that each has faced serenely a hundred times—placed their duty to their country, their civilization and their God above their duty to their commander-in-chief. By a sheer interposition of their united will, they made a desperate and supreme attempt to block the enemy's advance, and thus save France and Europe and the Free World from a mortal danger.

The attempt was in truth desperate. The soldiers could not succeed in Algeria without succeeding in metropolitan France. And in France, too many, from years of treachery and sloth and self-deception, were against them, and their own military comrades hesitated too long. But let it not now be supposed from their failure, that de Gaulle will thereby be the victor. Prisoner of the united front that his self-willed obstinacy has evoked around him, the defeat of the very meaning of his life and career is certain, and more bitter than the defeat of Maurice Challe and Raoul Salan, who freely chose the cause for which they are ready to die.

Propagandists of the World, Arise!

Let us here momentarily pause to give a compassionate thought to Propaganda Ministers everywhere. Just think what they've been through the past fortnight!

Begin with Israel. For ten months, the Israeli publicists had been whipping up interest in the Eichmann case; resurrecting reports of Nazi bestiality; leaking juicy tidbits about Eichmann's kidnapping and interrogation; titillating the world's appetite for horror stories so skillfully that 500 journalists were

on hand in Tel Aviv when the trial got underway April 11.

And what happened?

On April 12, as the first telephotos of Adolf Eichmann in his bullet-proof glass cage reached city desks everywhere, the Soviets announced they had shot Wild Duck into space. Eichmann lost the big heads and got bumped to second string columns.

The Soviet story, too, had been prepared in depth. While Yuri Gagarin was still floating gently to earth in his parachute (or was it his space ship?), Radio Moscow came out with a detailed story of his life. Tass supplied photographs of the Young Hero of the Soviet Union, his wife, children and relatives, maps, charts and reams of background information. One Stakhanovite Soviet publisher even brought out a complete book on the life of Major Yuri Alekseyevich Gagarin 24 hours after the landing announcement. Other, more detailed stories and photographs were ready for release in driblets, as is the Soviet custom, when. . . .

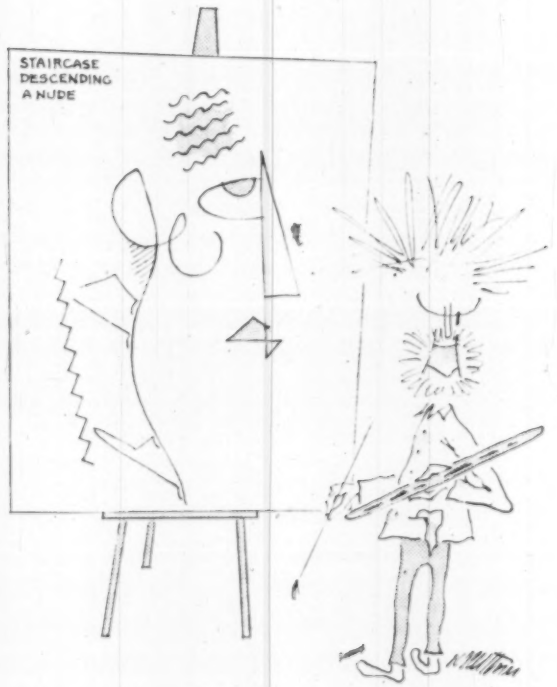
On April 16, the world woke to the news that Cuba had been invaded. By the time U.S. and Cuban press officers had taken to telephone and typewriter, it had become a major assault, the Big Push. The Big Push chased Gagarin *and* Eichmann right off the front page as the new propaganda teams—and this time the whole world got into the act—raced to indicate to exactly what degree their governments disapproved of the United States.

At which point, France—a headline stealer from way back—upstaged the rest of the world with the April 21 Generals' Revolt, rudely interrupting Fidel Castro's third four-hour speech of the week.

And then, four days later, Kasavubu nabbed Tshombe, and then—we went to press, so you fill in the next two paragraphs.

The Tax Plan

The President's tax plan is best understood as a means to maximize federal revenues with the least hurt to the most numerous blocs of voters. The ideal of justice is hard to serve in any jerry-built system of the kind we now writhe under. That is why the appeals we have now been hearing for this reform or that are unpersuasive. The standard of justice shifts, according as one seeks generic, or particular justice. There is no excuse, under the aspect of Justice, for tariffs, none for the subsidy of second class mail, very little for expense accounts. But businessmen and labor unions take the position that since the government is in the business of protecting other interests, why should it not protect theirs? Thus President Kennedy raises the tariff on bicycles. Thus Candidate Kennedy promised, in New Hampshire last fall, to protect New England textiles. If we are to have rural electrification at the expense of the public, and middle-income housing subsidies, why not permit *Life* Magazine and other publishers (yes, including NATIONAL REVIEW) to mail our promotion pieces and our magazines at less than the cost to the government—and pass the saving on to our readers? If profits are to be taxed at 52 per cent, then again at anywhere from 20 to 92 per cent when passed on to the consumer, why shouldn't the government be latitudinarian on the matter of expense accounts, thus allowing Joe to take his brother John to the Stork Club, and charge it to a business expense?—as though Joe needed Chicken *à la* Winchell and champagne to ingratiate himself to John, and persuade him to renew his insurance policy with brother Joe's company.



"Since the art pendulum seems to be swinging away from unintelligibility, I demand that the Guggenheim Museum, the Museum of Modern Art and Greenwich Village be designated Distressed Areas!"

The whole business is a mess, as is anything which decidedly appeals to different sets of rules. If we desire justice, it should be justice for all. Ideally there would be *no* exemptions, no, not even for colleges or churches or charities; no deductions, no not for business expenses or hospital bills; no subsidies, no not for farmers, or tenants, or small businesses: and lo, if all these deductions, all these business expenses, all these subsidies, were eliminated, the

result would be, in effect, a subsidy for all—in the form of uniform, simplified, reduced taxation.

Mr. Kennedy has chosen—or to be fair, he has inherited—a very different system, on the basis of which the relevant point is not justice, but power: the power of the individual interest to affect the decisions of Congress. In pursuit of his self-interest, everyone will use the language of Justice, mostly for rhetorical effect. A rough computation indicates that if the Post Office bill goes through as requested by the Kennedy Administration, NATIONAL REVIEW will pay per year $15,000 more in postage on mailings to subscribers alone! Ideally we would be required to do just that—why should NATIONAL REVIEW's promotional mailings (let alone *The Nation's!*) be paid for out of the common treasury? Indeed indeed, but we ask, Why should NATIONAL REVIEW's costs reflect the requirement that everyone who works for NATIONAL REVIEW, whether as a typist, or a typesetter, or an editor, must pay over a part of his income to a farmer, to compensate him for not planting corn?

We turn the pages of the calendar wistfully, awaiting a truly New Frontier, the day when our governors will have the courage to clean up the sprawling mess that now constitutes the Internal Revenue Code and permit us to restore the political discussion process to the point where one may speak unhypocritically about these matters. It occurs to us that any magazine capable of publishing these noble sentiments should be tax-exempt.

Ten-shun!

The following letter signed by a company grade officer whose name we withhold, gives another view of army life under General Walker, recently humiliated for allegedly committing heinous political crimes.

Gentlemen:

By now you will have read of the distorted smear on General Walker and the 24th Division's "Pro-Blue Program." The battle is now joined between anti-Communists and anti-anti-Communists and affects more than Walker, or the John Birch Society. I was told personally by the correspondent who launched the smear that his paper had timed it to coincide with the Eichmann trial—for obvious reasons.

For your information, here is the background. The *Overseas Weekly* is a tabloid English-language newspaper carrying news of rapes, robbery and other scandals affecting the military community in Europe. General Walker has, since his assignment to the 24th Division, consistently labelled the paper (called the "Oversexed Weekly" by the troops) *subversive* to the command since it carries news calculated to destroy unit loyalty, smear non-commissioned leaders, and assist anti-American forces in their campaign to disunite NATO by por-

For the Record

Payoff on new dollar-diplomacy: When news of Cuban invasion broke, Nehru (several billion U.S. dollars along) immediately blasted the U.S., Tito (a billion plus) offered Castro military aid along with Gamal ("Remember the Suez") Nasser. . . . The influential Manchester Guardian commented, "Even if Castro has become a Communist stooge, there is no justification for trying to remove him by force." . . . France's policy-molding Le Monde noted happily: "Over the whole world a vast current of solidarity is rising for the man who seems to it to be the champion of the world's freedom." . . . In New York, pro-Castro artists and intellectuals, Norman (Wife-Carver) Mailer among them, picketed the UN with signs (in French) saying: "Jacqueline, you have lost your artists." . . . Castro supporters in Mexico City, New York, São Paulo started recruiting volunteers into an international brigade.

Washington rumors: Attorney General Kennedy shifting the FBI's internal security division from concentration on subversives to surveillance of gangster overlords. . . . CNO Adm. Arleigh Burke may be kicked upstairs as personal adviser to Kennedy. . . . Memers of European press corps at UN have pool on which nation will be first to withdraw from UN. Their money says it will be Portugal, Belgium, France—in that order.

French sources last week said a secret agent of the Katanga government had bought nearly $7 million worth of arms in South Africa in February, March (who will get them if Tshombe is finished?). . . . Angola authorities report they found Czech arms on Angola rebels, presumably shipped from the Congo. . . . Former French Premier Paul Reynaud, on visit to U.S., had this to say about Sino-Russian differences: There will be no break between them for 25 years, because "it is impossible for the governments of Russia and China to abandon the idea of conquest of the world."

Wry comment on Capitol Hill on French Generals' collapse: They must have bought their revolt plans from CIA.

traying the American soldier as rowdy, disorderly, dishonest and immoral. When the reporter mentioned above began telling members of the 24th Division patent lies about General Walker, the reporter was banned from all military installations under division control. This made his campaign to destroy Walker personal, as well as professional.

About the Pro-Blue program: Firstly, it is not affiliated —in any way—with the John Birch Society. It is an all-encompassing program teaching positive belief in God, American heritage, and anti-Communism. It attempts to build morale within the division (with great success) by stressing the individual American soldier as the ultimate weapon in this war we are presently engaged in. The program is diversified. It contains a troop reading program which has circulated to all troops *Masters of Deceit*, by J. Edgar Hoover; *A Guide to Anti-Communist Action*, by Anthony Bouscaren; *The Story of Mary Liu*, by Edward Hunter; *In Every War But One*, by Eugene Kinkead; *For The Skeptic*, by Lyle Munson; *From Major Jordan's Diary*, by George Racey Jordan; *Primer on Communism*, by George W. Cronyn; and *The Life of John Birch*, by Robert Welch. (On the last book, remember that it was written before Welch ever began the society of the same name, and that it tells the story of the first American casualty of the Cold War—whose death was kept a secret from the American people, presumably so as not to offend the "agrarian reformers.")

The program also stresses, through all means of mass communications, the need today for personal integrity, to include a high moral code and strong religious affiliations. It supports all community projects, ranging from assistance to German orphans, to the PTA, to quasi-military groups such as the Association of Regular Army Sergeants, the Association of the United States Army, and the Reserve Officers Association. The program is designed to strengthen every thread in the fabric of the complete man through education, patriotism and belief in God and self.

To isolate the one book of many used in the program to insinuate that this program is influenced by Robert Welch is a savage bit of journalism. To claim that General Walker made statements over a year ago about the present Administration is impossible; and to destroy this program, along with the John Birch Society, helps whom?

The issue involved is: How far can the military go in teaching its soldiers why they fight, who they fight, and when the war began? Surely, if the Pro-Blue Program is not allowed to continue, and if other military units don't pick it up, then—when hot shooting wars come again—our soldiers will repeat their predecessors' mistakes if captured by the Communists.

Probably the most tragic of the sidelines to this is that the outcry against General Walker will, in most cases, be loudest from loyal Americans believing that they stand for American freedom. Yet, if a newspaper like the *Overseas Weekly* can remain on the newsstands to smear and destroy leaders (because of freedom of the press) then why is it wrong for a publication like *American Opinion* to be equally available to the troops? And, by the way, *American Opinion* is merely a magazine edited by Welch—it is not the organ of the John Birch Society. Also, it is not being distributed to the troops of this division and never has been.

If I sound angry it is because, in Korea, I didn't know what I was fighting for and I believe—some ten years later—that the men wearing the bare sleeves that I wore then need to know. They need to know about Marx-Lenin-Stalin-Khrushchev, and they need to know about Patrick Henry, Alexander Hamilton, George Washington, etc. They need to know how Czechoslovakia fell —internally—and they need to know that World War Three is going on at this very minute.

Don't think that the 24th Division is off witch-hunting, or that we neglect our military duties here. We have the highest re-enlistment rate in Europe; the lowest number of incidents; the champion markmanship teams; and the finest military tactician for a commander that I have ever had the privilege of serving.

I think you have the background. The question is, what will you do to help keep General Walker from being thrown to the wolves? If they get him, they will get the program, and if they get that, I'll have to quit the Army. Because if we can't preach the Spirit of '76 in uniform, we'll have to get out to do it. But do it we will.

If you want to join us in the fight, help start a letter-writing campaign to your congressmen, your leaders of opinion in the community, the President, and patriotic groups like the American Legion, backing the Pro-Blue Program—and you might drop General Walker a letter of encouragement, c/o 24th Infantry Division, APO 112, New York, N. Y.

I believe that this may become one of the crucial debates of our time.

A Message from the Publisher

Several months ago, owing to a misunderstanding, a number of students sent in one dollar each, under the impression that a special "student rate" subscription was available to them at that price. We honored their orders, rather than undeceive them, but now find that by doing so we have simply perpetuated the myth of the $1 "student rate," and that many students are postponing their subscriptions or their renewals until they can avail themselves of it.

Regretfully, therefore, I must advise all concerned: there is no $1 "student rate"; there never was; and, barring acts of God, it is unlikely that there ever will be. If, therefore, you are a student who is not yet a subscriber, I urge you to take advantage of our six month introductory subscription—available to young and old alike for just $3.89. There is no finer reading bargain in America.

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

National Trends

How to Taper Off Foreign Aid

HENRY HAZLITT

Will the Cuban fiasco, and the subsequent denunciations of the United States in all the countries into which we have poured foreign aid since World War II, finally shake us out of our obsessive world almsgiving? If it does, how can we extricate ourselves from the program with the least awkwardness?

The purposes of foreign aid have never been made clear by its advocates. They have constantly shifted its ostensible grounds. The argument has gone around in circles. Foreign aid was originally recommended for economic reasons. When the economic arguments for it were shown to be untenable, its supporters replied that the real reasons for it were political. When the political arguments were shown to be unsound, its supporters returned to their economic argument.

Perhaps the chief secret of the program's viability over fourteen years has been its adoption as a substitute for foreign policy. As I wrote in a book in 1947 (*Will Dollars Save the World?*): "[The Marshall Plan is now] presented as the American government's program for 'containing' and combatting world Communism. Unfortunately, the comparatively easy decision to give more of the American taxpayer's money away cannot be regarded as a substitute for the hard political and diplomatic decisions that any serious program of countering Russian Communist aggression must involve. The illusion that all we need to do to halt Russia is to give away money may divert us until too late from the steps we really need to take."

Have the collapse of our policy in Cuba, and the ill-will and contempt shown to us in the nations whose friendship we have spent most to buy, at last destroyed this illusion? And if so, how can we now with least embarrassment taper off this program that has drained us of $90 billion, fed constant inflation, put increased burdens and handicaps on our capitalist society at home, and subsidized and encouraged socialism abroad?

We may simplify the problem by putting aside military aid, which raises problems special in each case, and discussing only so-called economic aid. For the economic aid program (which accounts for more than $60 billion of the $90 billion total) the first step would be to announce that the post-war economic crisis had terminated, and that hereafter all foreign aid would be in the form of loans.

These would be hard loans, repayable in dollars. They would bear interest at the same rate that our own government was obliged to pay for loans of equal maturity—as of today, say, about 3½ per cent. They would be repayable over not more than twenty-five to thirty years, like a mortgage. Like a mortgage, they would preferably be repayable, principal and interest, in equal monthly installments, beginning immediately after the loan was made.

Such loans would not be urged on any country. The would-be borrowers would have to apply for them. But they would be entitled to borrow annually any amount up to the amount they had previously been receiving from us in grants or combined loans and grants.

Conditions for Loans

All these requirements would be written into law by Congress. Congress would also write into law the conditions for eligibility for such loans. Among such conditions might be the following: The borrowing government would have to refrain from any additional socialization or nationalization of industry, or any further expropriation or seizure of capital, domestic or foreign. It would undertake to balance its budget, beginning in the first full year after receiving the loan. It would undertake to halt inflation. The borrowing government, for example, might agree not to increase the money supply by more than 5 per cent in any one year, and not to force its central bank to buy or discount any increased amount of the government's own securities. The borrowing government might be required to dismantle any exchange controls. In short, the borrowing country and government would be obliged to move toward the conditions that would be necessary to attract private domestic or foreign capital.

What would be the consequences of such a program? The mere requirement for repayment of principal and interest, to begin immediately, would in itself probably reduce applications for aid to about a third of the amounts we now pay out. The other conditions of eligibility would probably cut the applications to a sixth or a tenth of these amounts. For the borrowing governments would have to think twice about the advisability of projects for which they would have to start paying themselves. Projects would tend to be reduced to those that were self-liquidating, *i.e.*, demonstrably economic.

The borrowing nations could not complain that we were trying to interfere in or to dictate their domestic economic policies. These would merely be the conditions of eligibility for loans. The borrowing nations would be neither forced nor urged to borrow from us. The American administrators of the foreign loan program could neither dictate nor remove any conditions nor discriminate among borrowers.

The benefits of such a program would be many and obvious. It would immediately cut down drastically the outflow of American funds in foreign aid. Most of the aid that we granted through such loans would be repaid with interest. We would not be courting foreign favor. The would-be borrowers would have to come to us, openly. We would cease, as now, to subsidize and expand foreign socialism.

This scaled-down lending program might run for two or three years. At the end of that time it could easily be terminated. For meanwhile the borrowing governments, and particularly private enterprises in their respective countries, would have become attractive media for both domestic and foreign *private* investment.

The Third World War

What Lesson, What Profit?

JAMES BURNHAM

On Tuesday night, April 18, before a glittering capacity audience at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, Moscow's Moiseyev Dance Company opened its second American visit with what the next morning's *Times* headlined as a "Triumph." "What a marvelous evening it turned out to be!" exclaimed critic John Martin. "This time [the Moiseyev company] has quite surpassed itself [and] brings us now a program of deeper tone, richer substance. . . . But why go on? It is a magnificent troupe all around. And an incomparable evening." Mr. Martin's colleagues were at one with his judgment. The *World-Telegram's* Louis Biancolli saw the audience "completely won over," "enraptured"; all "went wild with delight."

The evening's triumph did not end with the fall of the Metropolitan's curtain. At the St. Regis Roof—New York's most expensive nightclub in its most fashionable hotel—impresario Sol Hurok was host to the Moiseyev cast and a galaxy of New York guests. "The whole deal," wrote columnist Frank Farrell, "was exactly like going to your first junior prom. . . . Olga Moiseyev, daughter of the boss, was the most popular teenage partner with all age groups, including mine. Her dad . . . made a lot of popularity points . . . last night by dancing with all our U. S. dolls."

That was the night, you may recall, when, twelve hundred miles to the south of the St. Regis, tanks and planes supplied by Serge Moiseyev's comrades were crushing the last resistance on the Cuban beaches.

Reading the two sets of dispatches, from those northern and southern fronts, I found myself suddenly remembering a passage in Leon Trotsky's great *History of the Russian Revolution*. I located Volume III, and read once more the brilliant chapters on "The Conquest of the Capital" and "The Capture of the Winter Palace."

"All is changed," Trotsky begins, "and yet all remains as before. . . . Imperial St. Petersburg seems drowned in a sleepy lethargy. . . . The Tsarist generals remain generals, the senators senatorialize, the privy councillors defend their diginity, the Table of Precedence is still in effect. . . . Schoolboys are still studying the old textbooks, functionaries drawing up the same useless papers, poets scribbling the verses that nobody reads, nurses telling the fairy tales about Ivan Tsarevitch. The nobility's and merchants' daughters, coming in from the provinces, are studying music or hunting husbands. . . . A new ballet is going on in the Mariinsky theater, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Terseschenko, stronger on choreography than diplomacy, finds time . . . to admire the steel toes of the ballerina and thus demonstrate the stability of the regime." During the night of November 7, as the units of Trotsky's Military Revolutionary Committee were storming the Winter Palace, "the life of the streets did not cease until late at night. The theaters and moving-picture houses were open. . . . From acquaintances coming from the direction of the People's House, Redemeister learned . . . that Chaliapin had been incomparable in *Don Carlos*."

Debris of History

In strict logic the analogy is no doubt rather tenuous. Our Winter Palace is not yet being literally stormed. The key correlation is between the collapse—at the Winter Palace gates, on the beaches—and the state of mind, of soul, at the opera house.

"We intend to profit from this lesson," the President promised the assembly of the nation's newspaper editors: the lesson that "the complacent, the indulgent and soft societies are to be swept away with the debris of history." They, we, can lose "without the firing of a single missile or the crossing of a single border. . . . We intend to re-examine and reorient our forces of all kinds, our tactics and our institutions. . . . We intend to intensify our efforts for a struggle in many ways more difficult than war." "The lesson," Mr. Arthur Krock observed coldly the next morning, "was plain long before the latest crises arose."

One incidental item of profit that Mr. Kennedy might draw from his lesson is the need for a measure of humility. How scornful he and his colleagues were last year at the confusion in Washington, and the fall in U.S. prestige, following the U-2 exposure! That confusion was clarity itself, that fall a positive ascent, compared to the aftermath of the Cuban affair. And the U-2 operation itself had been an astounding success, not a catastrophic failure.

Of Humility and Silence

Humility might in turn suggest the propriety, in grave times, of more silence. Mr. Kennedy talks too much. He thereby cheapens what he says, and himself. In the rhetoric of an ultimatum, he demands a cease-fire in Laos, and then does nothing while Khrushchev wanders through Siberia and the Pathet Lao wins effective control of the country. Mr. Kennedy proclaims in strong language his resolve to defend the hemisphere from Communist intervention, but fails to give the order either to sustain or to forbid the anti-Castro invasion. He lectures us about lessons that many citizens have known a good many years, and meanwhile continues his moratorium on nuclear tests, his plans for a summer disarmament conference, his moves to loosen the embargo on Iron Curtain shipments, his exchange of students, artists and ballerinas. He appoints a UN ambassador who publicly endorses a tract advocating our nuclear disarmament. He invites a Communist-hiding, Congress-condemning playwright to his Inauguration. Is that mawkish public-relations-gimmick, the Peace Corps, then, the key to this "struggle in many ways more difficult than war"?

Let Mr. Kennedy be decently silent, then, a while, so that he may re-examine the structure of his own ideas. And let him come back to us, please, with at least a half-pennyworth of deeds to match his unconscionable deal of words.

Just Who's Distorting What?

The author goes into the main charges leveled against the film "Operation Abolition" and finds the Liberals guilty of factual legerdemain.

M. STANTON EVANS

During the past six months, the battle over America's internal security program has found its sharpest focus since the passing of Senator Joe McCarthy. Since the fall of 1960, the emotional energies of Liberals and determined anti-Communists alike have been poured into a bitter controversy over a documentary film entitled *Operation Abolition*.

Operation Abolition portrays a student demonstration against the House Committee on Un-American Activities in San Francisco, last May 12, 13 and 14. It shows student protests outside San Francisco's City Hall; disruptive tactics by identified Communists in the hearing room and, finally, a serio-comic tableau in which city police remove demonstrating students from the premises, spraying them with fire hoses and sliding them down a long marble stairway.

The film, an official HUAC document, describes the demonstration as Communist-inspired, intermittently singling out one or another of the *dramatis personae* as a "professional Communist agitator." It sums up the episode as a frightening example of how guileless students can be manipulated by the Communist Party.

Operation Abolition has become an unexpected best-seller. An estimated 700 copies of it are in circulation around the country, and a grand total of 15 million people are believed to have seen it. By and large, viewers react strongly to what they see; most find the film a startling presentation of what can happen in America under Communist auspices.

The net effect is to alert the viewer to the dangers of internal Communism, to demonstrate that the House Committee on Un-American Activities is doing a needed and often difficult job, and that enemies of the Committee are sometimes less than courteous in their opposition to it.

Such conclusions are distasteful to various elements on the Left, which have long maintained as articles of faith that there is no danger from internal Communism; that the House Committee is therefore a needless and even harmful appendage of government; and that its opponents are sensitive idealists concerned with the amenities of "the open society." The Liberal community has thus rushed forward in an angry counterattack. The film, they charge, is a composite of "distortions," grossly misrepresenting what happened in San Francisco.

Some of the most vehement charges against *Operation Abolition* have been leveled by the *Washington Post* —couched in terms like "propaganda movie," "mendaciously distorted," "forgery by film," "warps the truth," "falsification of facts," "curious little film fraud," "elaborately distorted." Stating the two principal complaints against the film, the *Post* says:

> The film warps the truth in two important respects. First, it suggests as its main thesis that the demonstrations were Communist-inspired and Communist-led. Diligent inquiry has led us to a conviction that this charge is wholly unjustified. It cannot be asserted, of course, that no Communists took part in the demonstrations. But the main body of students who picketed the Committee hearings in protest were inspired only by their own valid and thoroughly creditable indignation at the Committee's conduct; and they were led by fellow-students loyal to American ideals and acting in accordance with that loyalty.
>
> Second, the film attempts to represent the rioting which followed the student protest as resulting entirely from student violence and disorder. In point of fact, the San Francisco police acted with altogether needless brutality, turning fire hoses on students whose protests were not flagrantly unruly.

To test the validity of such criticisms, we must reconstruct the events of May 12-14, concentrating on three principal questions: a) Do authorities on the scene attest the accuracy of the film? b) Is there corroborating evidence for the charges of Communist manipulation and student violence? c) What are the facts about particular "distortions" charged to the film?

Eyewitness Reports

A. On the general question of the film's accuracy, numerous eyewitnesses have affirmed that *Operation Abolition* is a faithful portrayal of the student demonstrations. Mayor George Christopher of San Francisco says: "The pictures I believe speak for themselves: They are true. They are authentic. They tell the real story and, of course, at the same time, they are most unfortunate, to say the least."

Enemies of the film have attempted to impeach Christopher's testimony by arguing that he was absent during the critical phase of the demonstrations which brought the violence. Christopher has replied to this charge with the following telegram: "Mayor's office is directly across the hall from meeting room of Committee. For two days I witnessed all proceedings. There was general disorder, booing, loud shouting, chanting, and derision of Committee obstructing their processes. I was absent only one and one-half hours during second day at lunch time but witnessed every other phase and can attest to veracity of film. Police had every reason to evict rioters long before they resorted to this action. Sympathizers who were never present endeavor now to find my short absence as disqualifying me for adequate appraisal. This is in line with usual tactics."

Reporter Dave Hope of the *Oakland Tribune*, who was on hand during the demonstrations and the violent interlude of the second day, says: "From the audience reaction, I would say it [*Operation Abolition*]

is extremely effective and that is why extraordinary effort is made to discredit it. . . . For those who took part in the riot and their apologists, the film is just too accurate, too revealing. That's why it is so bitterly attacked."

Mr. Hoover's Statement

B. Our second level of inquiry concerns the two broad charges—that the film falsely claims Communist inspiration and direction, and falsely represents the students as the instigators of violence.

For proof of Communist influence, the inquiring citizen must turn to those whose job it is to collect information against Communist activities, and to identify Communist enterprises when they transpire. Unquestionably, America's leading authority on such matters is J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Here is what Hoover says about the demonstrations:

> It is vitally important to set the record straight on the extent to which the Communists were responsible for the disgraceful and riotous conditions which prevailed during the HCUA hearings. It is vitally important that not only the students involved in that incident, but also students throughout the nation whom Communists hope to exploit in similar situations, recognize the Communist tactics which resulted in what experienced West Coast observers familiar with Communist strategy and tactics have termed the most successful Communist coup to occur in the San Francisco area in 25 years.

When the Committee announced its hearings in the San Francisco area, Hoover says, "It was mandatory for Communists to [do] . . . everything possible to disrupt the hearings as part of the over-all aim to destroy the HCUA. The first objective of the Party was to fill the scene of the hearings with demonstrators. The second was to incite them to action through the use of mob psychology."

Hoover goes on to explain the organizational effort in San Francisco and on nearby college campuses of such known Communists as Archie Brown, Mickey Lima, Roscoe Proctor, Merle Brodsky, Douglas Wachter and others—the last-named a student at the University of California, who was an official delegate to the 1959 convention of the Communist Party.

When the demonstrators had been mobilized, according to Hoover's summary, the Communists moved into the second phase of their campaign—inciting the students into defiance of the law and the subsequent eruption of violence.

Hoover's statement is supported by the local authorities in San Francisco, including Mayor Christopher. "Known Communists," Christopher says, "and I repeat this emphatically, known Communists were in the lead of this demonstration." Matthew Carberry, Sheriff of San Francisco County, told this reporter: "The people stirring these students up, and bringing them to an emotional pitch, were well-known Communists in the San Francisco area." Police inspector Michael Maguire testified that he had seen agitational activities among the students by Archie Brown and Merle Brodsky, two of the Communist functionaries called to testify before the Committee.

Thus every relevant authority supports the film's assertion that the riots, notwithstanding the *Washington Post's* "diligent inquiry," were indeed "Communist-inspired and Communist-led."

What of the second half of the controversy—as to whether the students provoked the violence, or whether the police were guilty of "unnecessary brutality"? This point is somewhat more difficult to establish than that of Communist influence, since it involves reconstruction of a confused episode which no single observer could grasp in its entirety, and which was not captured by the newsreel photographers.

The film says violence erupted when a student jumped over a police barricade and struck an officer with his own night stick. Its critics make much of the fact that this episode does not actually appear in the film—neglecting to mention that the film's statement is taken almost verbatim from Hoover's report. Hoover says:

> One of the demonstrators provided the spark that touched off the flame of violence. Leaping a barricade that had been erected, he grabbed an officer's night stick and began beating the officer over the head. The mob surged forward as if to storm the doors, and a police inspector ordered the fire hose turned on.

The film's narration is a faithful paraphrase of these words: "One student provides the spark that touches off the violence when he leaps over a barricade, grabs a police officer's night stick, and begins beating the officer over the head. As the mob surges forward to storm the doors, a police inspector orders that the fire hoses be turned on."

It is of course possible, if not likely, that Hoover's report is itself mistaken. But it is noteworthy that contemporary newspaper reports contain the same story. The San Francisco *News-Call Bulletin* for May 14, 1960 reported:

> Judges in upstairs courtrooms were complaining the racket was interfering with due processes of law. Patrolman Ralph Schaumleffel, 33, standing guard, was trampled underfoot as a stampede to the hearing room began. One of the mob . . . wrested the policeman's billy club from his hand and walloped him on the head. Another kicked him in the groin.

And the San Francisco *Examiner* for the same date had this account:

> The riot apparently was triggered shortly before 1:30 P.M. when the mob rushed the door of the supervisor's chambers. When all the seats in the chamber were filled, patrolman Ralph Schaumleffel, on duty at the door, closed it, informing the crowd there were no more seats. The mob then climbed over the barricades and stormed the door, knocking Schaumleffel down.

Dave Hope of the *Oakland Tribune* says: "I didn't hear any orders, but I did hear the police ask, even beg, the students to be quiet and to leave the City Hall. All through the morning the police were polite and courteous. Even when the mob's mood turned ugly after the noon recess, and the hose was brought out, the students were warned repeatedly for a period of at least ten minutes before the water was turned on. That didn't happen until one student grabbed an officer's night stick and slugged him with it."

Diversionary Tactics

Thus it becomes apparent that, not only does the film's account conform to the best information available—namely, Hoover's report and the testimony of reporters on the scene—but that it was quite clearly based on such accounts to begin with. If, in the confusion of that moment, events

transpired differently from the description contained in the film's narrative, that would not establish a "distortion" on the part of the Committee. It would simply establish that the best available sources could not record the event in full.

The Liberal attitude on this issue, I think, is typical of the diversionary tactics employed by the critics of the film. It deflects the controversy into a minute examination of secondary detail, and ignores primary matters of substance. For the question to be settled, in assessing the accuracy of *Operation Abolition*, is not whether the violence resulted from a particular rush against a particular barricade. The question, rather, is: *Who bears the responsibility for the violence—the students or the police?* And the facts on this score are not in doubt at all. It is quite clear that the students were disrupting the proceedings of a municipal court, and were told to leave; they refused, and the police were obliged to remove them.

What would the critics of the police have had them do? They were confronted by hundreds of students who had been told to leave, and who responded by sitting down, putting their hands in their pockets, and declaring "We will not be moved." The only alternatives to the use of fire hoses would have been night sticks or pistols (both of which, incidentally, have been employed, along with hoses, in other college demonstrations, without exciting national protest movements).

As to the behavior of the police, testimony is virtually unanimous that they conducted themselves with admirable restraint. Sheriff Matthew Carberry, whom the film's opponents have tried to co-opt as an authority for their position, says:

"Many could have been arrested Thursday [May 12], but police tried valiantly that day to avoid possible provocation to violence. Their forbearance, considering the insults heaped on them, was amazing. They acted only defensively."

The San Francisco *News-Call Bulletin* reports: "Understandably police patience wore thin. Demonstrators taunted them mercilessly, shouting 'goons,' 'blackshirts,' 'fascists.'"

Mayor Christopher says: "If these people had not disrupted the meetings, if they had not challenged the police, if they had not violated the law, there would have been no need for police action."

The film itself reflects nothing resembling "police brutality." It does show police patiently grappling with contumacious students, with all violence coming from the demonstrators. This, too, opponents of the film allege is a "distortion." The Bay Area Student Committee says: "According to news members of KPIX-TV, footage which shows unjustified use of police clubs was deleted from the movie."

Yet the San Francisco *News-Call Bulletin*, in a series of articles sentimentally weighted toward the student demonstrators, concluded, after viewing all the film footage available: "No movies whatsoever were taken of the key moment of the tumultuous three days the Committee was here: the explosion of the riot. *Nor, importantly, do the full uncut, unedited clips show any evidence of possible police brutality critics say was deliberately deleted from* Operation Abolition."

"Distortions"

C. The charge of editing out police brutality brings us to the third level of analysis—particular "distortions" alleged against the film. We find ourselves once more struggling through an underbrush of detail, most of it involving points which in themselves have no material bearing on the message of the picture. Since the aggregate effect of numerous small mistakes, however, could conceivably alter the net impact of the film, and since a belief that one or another "distortion" has been woven into it can discredit it in the eyes of many viewers, it is necessary to examine these charges thoroughly.

The Committee has acknowledged the existence of two errors in the film: one concerns an appearance by Harry Bridges, who is described as leaving City Hall "moments before the rioting broke out"; the second involves a crowd scene taken outside the building on Saturday, which is identified as taking place on Thursday. The first error, since it has the effect of getting Bridges off the premises before the rioting occurred, is actually an error in his favor, and so can hardly be considered a "distortion" calculated to discredit enemies of HUAC. The second error has even less material effect, since a crowd scene on one day was pretty much like a crowd scene on another. These are clearly mistakes of inadvertence; the Committee would have no motive for altering episodes in which the original version serves its purpose quite as well as the inaccurate one.

And Virtuoso Distortions

It is curious to note that while the enemies of *Operation Abolition* have been quick to tag HUAC's errors as "distortions," they have not hesitated to commit innumerable distortions of their own. Let us consider three examples:

1. *The case of William Wheeler:* It has been alleged by every critic of the film—from the *Reporter* to *Time* magazine—that William Wheeler, West Coast investigator for the Committee, has said the film contains "distortions." This allegation originates, as do most of the charges, with the Bay Area Student Committee.

The student committee has published a pamphlet entitled (rather ironically) "In Search of Truth." On its cover it carries what purports to be an exchange of remarks on a TV

show in Los Angeles, on August 9, 1960. The exchange, as it appears in this pamphlet, runs as follows:

Burton White (teaching assistant, University of California, Berkeley): "I am basing my discussion on the fact that the film does have inaccuracies, does have distortions."

Wheeler: All right, we have admitted that. Let's go on to another subject."

White: "You have admitted that, Mr. Wheeler?"

Wheeler: "Certainly."

Anyone reading this could only believe that William Wheeler had impeached the authenticity of his Committee's own film. But it develops that the student committee is itself engaging in a virtuoso distortion.

The student committee carefully omits to point out the exchange in question occurred in the middle of an effort by Wheeler to establish that the film was *in no way distorted.* White had said that *Operation Abolition* was distorted, and Wheeler was asked if he agreed with the charge. His reply: "I dispute it wholeheartedly." White then brought up some points of sequence which Wheeler described as "minor issues." Wheeler then asked White: "Are you basing the whole fact that everything is a lie because these two minor incidents occurred?"

White answered: "No, I am basing my discussion on the fact that the film does have inaccuracies. Does have distortions."

It will be observed, then, that the exchange quoted by the student committee was immediately preceded by Wheeler's statement that he was discussing "minor incidents," not material distortions. The student committee drops this sentence entirely, as it has to do to argue that Wheeler confessed "distortions" in the film. Moreover, in attempting to rip this episode from its context, the student committee not only had to omit Wheeler's statement, but had to drop the first word from White's own remark. The "no" preceding his charge would have clearly suggested that he was trying to rebut something Wheeler had said, and thus excite curiosity as to what it was.

These clearly are the techniques of conscious misrepresentation—all the more conscious when we reflect that White, who participated in the exchange with Wheeler, is also head of the student committee which published the doctored version of it.

The Sheriff's Denial

2. *The case of Matthew Carberry.* Another charge originated by the Bay Area Student Committee, and reiterated faithfully by all critics of *Operation Abolition,* is that Sheriff Matthew Carberry of San Francisco County said "there was no act of physical aggression on the part of the students." This alleged quotation found its way into the *Reporter* magazine, in an article by Paul Jacobs, thence into the *Washington Post,* and from there into Liberal newspapers across the country.

On December 6, 1960, Sheriff Carberry issued the following denial: "I did not make that statement. I do not know the author of the article, Paul Jacobs, and have never spoken to him and have never been interviewed by him.

"I was on the scene on Thursday and Friday (May 12 and 13) up to luncheon time when I went for a luncheon conference with the chairman of the Committee, Mr. Willis. The disorders took place during the luncheon and I was in no position to know anything about them."

The two sides of the dispute are thus: a) Opponents of the film seek to invoke Carberry as an authority for the claim that there was no violence on the part of the students; b) Carberry answers that, since he was not on the scene when the acts of violence occurred, he is not capable of testifying as an authority one way or the other.

The issue reached a somewhat elliptical resolution when Carberry protested to the *Reporter.* In response the *Reporter* printed a statement by Jacobs, who produced a quotation from Carberry saying that, in his opinion, "no acts of physical violence" preceded the use of the fire hoses. As it stands, the quotation seems to support Jacobs' case. But then, backing into a discussion of the context of the remark, Jacobs in effect confirms Carberry's denial.

"Sheriff Carberry," Jacobs acknowledges, "did make a qualified statement that he had been 'told' by the local police, who are not under his jurisdiction, that the turning on of the fire hose was occasioned by an 'act of violence against a uniformed police officer,' but he also said that he had not seen this act himself."

The fact that "he had not seen this act himself," of course, is precisely the point which Sheriff Carberry sought to make. He has never represented himself as an authority for the fact that violence did occur, and neither the film nor any of its defenders have so attempted to represent him. Jacobs, the student committee, the *Washington Post,* and numerous other Liberals have attempted to use him as an authority for the statement that violence did *not* occur. By acknowledging that Carberry did not observe the incident in question, Jacobs confesses that the Liberal effort in this instance is a calculated deception.[1]

Out of Context

3. *The case of Judge Albert A. Axelrod.* A final episode involving a remark lifted from context concerns Judge Albert Axelrod, who dismissed the charges against all but one of the demonstrators brought before him. The Bay Area Student Committee quotes the judge as saying:

> The defendants for the most part are clean-cut American college students who will within the next few years enter into the business and professional worlds, and many of them I am sure will become leaders in their respective fields. I am convinced that they are not engaged in subversive activities nor in spreading subversive propaganda.

That is the entirety of the Axelrod quotation, as it appears in the student committee's pamphlet. As with Wheeler and Carberry, anyone reading this would conclude that the charges of Communist manipulation of the students must surely be in error. Again, however, we find that the film's critics have brazenly ripped words from their context. Immediately following the words quoted by

(Continued on p. 293)

1. It is also noteworthy that, even in lifting Carberry's remark from context, Jacobs got the quotation wrong, substituting the word "aggression" for "violence." "At the time I listened to the broadcast," he explained, "I thought the sheriff used the word 'aggression'; instead he said 'violence.' I am sorry that this error occurred, but I do not think the difference between 'agression' and 'violence' changes in any way the significance of the sheriff's answer to Professor Smith's question." Perhaps not, but this is a strange plea for indulgence from one who tries to inflate inadvertent errors in **Operation Abolition** into malevolent "distortions."

Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

The Conservative Movement: Growing Pains

I WRITE this column directly upon my return from a speaking tour which took me in a week's time through the East, the Midwest, the South, and the Southwest. Such a conspectus is somewhat dizzying (the mind has its difficulties adjusting to the abrupt transitions of the jet plane); but in this case two conclusions impressed themselves upon me with unmistakable force: first, the conservative movement in the United States is growing with startling rapidity; second, as it grows it is coming up against problems which threaten its health and continued development. It is, in brief, experiencing the phenomena of success; it is suffering from growing pains.

Meyer

There are a number of these difficulties, and they will have to be solved if the movement is to achieve the goals urgently demanded of it in the present historical situation of the United States and Western civilization: to wrest political power from the Liberal Establishment and to lead the nation and the West to victory over international Communism.

IDEOLOGICALLY, the major question facing the conservative movement would seem to be the continuing problem of reconciling and uniting those who place the defeat of Communism as the first necessity of action and those who minimize the danger of Communism as against the danger of the relentless advance of collectivist Liberalism. Each of these positions at its extreme tends to become blind to the danger the other stresses. Thus, some libertarian opponents of the aggrandizement of the federal bureaucracy refuse to recognize the imminently threatening quality of the offensive of armed Communism; on the other hand, some of those most deeply concerned with the Communist threat are willing to overlook any degeneration of the conditions and institutions of freedom in the United States if only they believe it conduces to greater efficiency against the Communist enemy. From these distorted emphases, other distortions arise. For some, any professed anti-Communist, no matter how socialist his views, is regarded uncritically, while for others the distinction between Communists and Liberals becomes blurred, so that anyone whose actions objectively weaken freedom becomes *ipso facto* a Communist.

A proper understanding of the double enemy we face—Communism and Liberalism—and of the interaction between them is essential if these disparate emphases are to be brought together and united in a single movement in defense of a free republic against internal and external enemies. It must be understood that Liberalism weakens the fiber of society, but that Liberals are not, as are Communists, conscious enemies, conspiratorially organized for the conquest of world power. They must be fought in different ways: Communists with *every resource* both of the individual and of voluntary associations of individuals *and* of the state; Liberals by the methods of education, political organization and action.

But the two struggles, different though they are, are equally important. The defeat of Communism is, of course, necessary for the very physical preservation of the nation and its institutions. On the other hand, quite apart from the tragic consequences if Communism were defeated only to have the collectivism projected by Liberals triumphant at home, the evidence of two decades would seem to show that it is categorically impossible for Communism to be defeated under Liberal leadership.

Parallel to the need for rapidly consummating a unification of the movement's diverse ideological emphases, there is another set of problems, which can best be described as organizational. What is at stake here will be in part resolved as the ideological emphases I have discussed are reconciled; but it is not so easy to see today the forms that resolution will take. Here again, two contradictory emphases, each of which expresses an aspect of a correct position, exist. On the one hand, there is a tendency —correct only in its understanding of the decisive importance of achieving political power—to subordinate the principles and the organic growth of a conservative movement to the electoral victory of the Republican Party. On the other hand, the natural impatience of hard conservatives with this position tends to narrow the movement and to insist upon a doctrinal purity which can repel many who are today becoming conscious of the appeal of conservatism and moving towards it.

The problem is to find forms of organization which will assert the independence of the movement over against any political party's corporate interests or the interests of any political leader, no matter how appealing he may be, while avoiding inflexible demands for uniformity of detailed programs. The solution demands a fine balance between strict loyalty to fundamental principle and a prudential understanding that precisely the individualist nature of conservative Americans necessitates the greatest flexibility and personal initiative in the development of concrete action.

CONSERVATIVES cannot by their nature imitate the organizational forms of totalitarian movements. But neither can they afford to be so loosely organized that the principles of the movement are subordinated to the leadership of a political figure. The movement must set the pace, and subordinate whatever leaders come forward to its principles. The forms of organization which will meet these necessary requirements are yet to be found. But found they must be if conservatism is to triumph in America—and the present growth and vigor the conservative movement is displaying is a good omen that they will be found.

Letter from Africa

No Surrender in Rhodesia

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

In the African quarter of Salisbury, capital of Southern Rhodesia, the "medicine stalls" do a flourishing trade. There, from a well-spoken European-suited stallkeeper, you can buy a dried hornbill head, powdered rhinoceros horn or any one of a dozen noxious-looking liquids; whatever your witch doctor may have prescribed. In Nyasaland last year ninety people are known to have died as a result of "the Test." The Test is a trial by ordeal, in which the suspect, having been smelled out by a witch doctor, is made to drink a poison distilled from the bark of a tree. If he dies, he was obviously guilty: if he survives, the witch doctor made a mistake. Witch doctors do not like to make mistakes.

Witchcraft and tribal magic are potent forces in the politics of central Africa. You might not realize this, I suppose, if you were Mr. Ian Macleod or Mr. Mennen Williams and you saw only the pastel-colored skyscrapers in the middle of Salisbury and talked only to Europeanized African politicians. But it's all there, "a stone's throw out on either hand," for those who have eyes to see: and the African nationalists exploit fear and faith to the full in dragooning their followers.

Salisbury looks very like a town in the American Middle West; there is even an old hitching rail outside Broadcasting House. But in fact it's considerably newer than most American cities. Just seventy years ago the Pioneer Column made camp round the base of a "kopje" (small hill) in the wilderness, and their camp became Salisbury.

The shortness of the time scale is an essential fact to understand and to grasp imaginatively. The receptionist at my hotel told me that her grandfather had been persuaded to come out when he met Cecil Rhodes at Oxford. "My grandmother only died two years ago," she added. "I hate to think what she'd say if she could see what was happening now." The grandparents or even the parents of today's Rhodesians were pioneers who saw their friends speared by savages or killed by wild animals and who carved a civilized country out of the bush.

Think of it in terms of the American West. Imagine what the second generation frontier families of the last century would have said if they had been asked to hand over political control to the Apaches and the Sioux. Then you will begin to understand what the Rhodesian crisis is about: you can imagine the bitter hatred and contempt felt by almost all white Rhodesians for Colonial Secretary Macleod and the comfortable constitution-makers of Whitehall.

People outside Africa, guided by the Liberal press, seem to believe that Sir Roy Welensky is a hard-core right-wing leader; which is clean contrary to the truth. By Rhodesian standards Welensky's United Federal Party belongs to the center verging toward the left. If Welensky falls, he will be replaced by the Dominion Party, which already runs the UFP a very close second at the polls.

The Dominion Party's policy is clear: break the Federation, raise rather than lower the franchise qualifications in Southern Rhodesia, and form some sort of alliance with the Union of South Africa. It is paradoxical that British Liberals should be driving Southern Rhodesia into the arms of the very country they most dislike. But that's exactly what's happening. Rhodesians are increasingly looking south towards the Union, where so many of them have ties of family and friendship.

They may not particularly approve the policy of apartheid but they regard it as more realistic than the Whitehall fiction of non-racial voting. They know that the African nationalists have rejected multi-racialism. They know that intimidation—boycotts, burned shops, petrol bombs—is rife in the African townships. The African moderates are pathetic men, caught between two fires, with no hope whatever of being voted into power by their own people.

For the first time in British Africa the wind of change is blowing against a guarded door. White men never really made their homes in Ghana. In Kenya, they were too few and too far from the pioneering spirit to hold on. But Southern Rhodesia has no intention whatsoever of surrendering.

Now this is not only a great drama in itself but its outcome is deeply significant in the world conflict which involves us all. The Communists are moving into Africa in a big way, rushing to fill the gap left by the retreating West.

Already the great Belgian-run NATO base at Kamina has been lost. A vital British base in Kenya remains; vital because, with Iraq, Syria and Egypt hostile, an "air barrier" now stretches across the Middle East. For fire-brigade operations east of Suez we are dependent on the Strategic Reserve in Kenya. But the African nationalist leaders coming into power there have said categorically they will demand that the base be closed. Where could the Strategic Reserve, hounded from Suez, from Cyprus, from Kenya, move next? Only further south, into Rhodesia. Secret plans have been made for a new base in Rhodesia: but the strategic position, like everything else, has been thrown into the melting pot.

The West simply cannot afford to abandon and betray its last remaining allies in Africa. We need them, perhaps, even more than they need us. The Communists have much the easier policy to pursue: promote irresponsibility, encourage race hatred and all the forces of chaos, keep the caldron boiling. The West, on the other hand, needs responsible governments in Africa, the preservation of order, mature political development.

That, in my opinion, would be reason enough for opposing the nationalist leaders who scream hatred and power-hunger from platforms up and down the continent. But I have another reason too. I refuse to be a racialist. I refuse to like demagogues merely because they are black. I refuse to applaud when I see introduced into Africa everything I most dislike in the politics of modern Europe and America.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Should School Finance be Centralized?

According to the zealots for federal "aid to education," the real-property and state sales taxes, from which nearly all present support for public schools is derived, cannot suffice as sources of school revenue five or ten years from now. Hoping for a doubling or tripling of school expenditures, they believe that we must turn to income tax as a dependable source of revenue. And the federal treasury gleans most of the income tax.

Kirk

Certainly the problem of school finance is complex. These costs have almost tripled in the past decade. During the last twenty years, school expenditures have risen by 526 per cent, while state and local tax collections have grown only 319 per cent. School expenses now take about 45 per cent of all state and local revenue.

Yet this tax-money for schools comes from the same people, substantially, and the same general sources of wealth, whether it is raised by local districts, states, or the federal government. Federal subsidies would not flow from sources as yet untapped. The federal treasury has not one really productive source of revenue that is not also available to state governments—for tariffs upon imports nowadays furnish only a very small percentage of federal collections. So federal funds really come from personal income taxes, corporation taxes, inheritance taxes, and internal excises—all means available to the states if they choose to employ them. Therefore permanent federal subsidies must bring permanently larger federal taxes for people in the states and school districts—whether through an immediate increase in income-tax rates, or through federal borrowing. The same public is going to pay for the same schools: the only question is whether the money will be raised locally and at the state level, or levied by the Office of Internal Revenue and then filtered back to states and districts.

This latter scheme would involve federal control of educational policy, and also much bureaucratic administration. The more money spent in the filtering process, the less must be available for directly educational ends.

The fiscal difficulties of such a system would be formidable. Federal income-tax rates already are so exacting that they probably tend to discourage initiative and the accumulation, or even replacement, of capital. The NEA proposals would add as much as $15 billion to the budget by the year 1970—as an annual item in perpetuity, presumably, thereafter—although in the beginning the subsidies might cost little more than a billion dollars.

Therefore there will be very strong opposition to adding a large part of school-costs to present income taxes. The federal government cannot solve this conundrum by taking away the proposed school-money from some other federal activity. In the face of Soviet power, the costs of national defense cannot be much reduced; there is every indication that they will increase sharply, rather. We are unlikely to abolish our courts, or to cut expenditures for health and welfare.

So it seems to me both easier and simpler to raise school funds from their present principal sources, real-property taxes and sales taxes. Though Dr. Samuel Lambert, director of research for the National Education Association, argues that the property tax is a relic of the horse-and-buggy age, actually the real-property levy has kept pace with the times. The greater part of such revenues now is assessed against industrial and commercial and new residential properties, not against farms. Since World War II, America's collections from income taxes have risen 62 per cent, from sales taxes 210 per cent, and from property taxes 225 per cent. In nearly all states, what with the building boom, the valuation of real property has been rising rapidly. In the next ten years, probably, half a trillion dollars will be spent upon new private construction—all of this available as a base for increase of property taxes to support schools. This seems a more encouraging prospect than the already overburdened federal income tax.

State sales taxes, too, may be expected to furnish a considerable part of what the schools need. In Michigan, last December, the legislature added one cent per dollar to the sales tax, after authorization by a popularly-ratified constitutional amendment; and this will suffice to balance school books in Michigan for a good while. As so eminently Liberal an economist as Dr. J. K. Galbraith points out, the sales tax is not unfair nor inefficient and it meets with much less public resistance than does the income tax.

For the past several years, relying mostly on these two taxes, the states and districts have been increasing their school funds by a billion dollars annually. It seems probable that a moderate additional effort would yield enough money to make up the total of $22 billion a year that possibly may be demanded by 1970—without any federal assistance.

True, state and local appropriations for the schools are more closely scrutinized by the taxpayer than are federal grants-in-aid. But is this a bad state of affairs? There is more waste of funds in public schooling than in any other large-scale enterprise in these United States. No nation's resources are limitless. And educational expenditures, like all others, must be budgeted and put into some reasonable relationship to other public and private necessities. It is fiscal lunacy to cry, plaintively, "But can we afford *not* to"—build a new school swimming pool or a band room. Many things in life cannot be afforded. America can afford a decent educational system, but it cannot afford an educational carnival.

Water in the Wine

GARRY WILLS

The King James Version of the Bible appeared in a great age of translation, when the English language seemed to move with a life of its own. It is a rough and kicking language, with words as direct as blows, a language in which "dung" and "bowels" do not seem anomalous; yet it can trip and sing and take wings at will: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good news." The words have a ring and rhythm of their own, which threaten to eclipse even Handel's music. It is a melody that lingers, in echoes and asides, around all the subsequent history of English literature; a musical ground against which, in harmonies and discords, all individual styles of song have been shaped; a pulse that set the tempo for all later trumpet-marshaling of words.

But no longer. England has lost her voice; and her modern literature, like the modern half-faiths, is either a ghostly left-over of the past or an aimless effort expended far from the center of national history and life How dreary in the desert are the feet of them that bray bad news.

In such an unhinged world, where even the tough bonds of the Jacobean masterpiece have parted, one must put the pieces back together again as best one can. This will involve inconvenience and many awkwardnesses. Specifically, it will involve coming to grips with the Bible again. What became a comfortable friend, and finally a lifeless ancestor, must be once more an irritant. The assumed understanding and common agreement that wove the English Bible through all English thought and speech is now frayed beyond mere patching; and with many other English things, that Bible meets the fate of becoming a classic — ceases, that is, to be something breathed like the air. In its place, the Bible must be freshly encountered, variously Englished. This will lead to confusion, and disturb many tender but altogether too tame memories; yet the confusion will correspond to a certain desirable shock at the startling thing called "the good news." When the living faith can no longer be breathed in England's own history and atmosphere, one must breathe again the dusty Palestinian world, hear the dazzling words, take the measure of the unlikely good that can come out of Nazareth.

The New English Bible: New Testament. Oxford and Cambridge Presses, $4.95.

It is a half-conscious realization of these hard facts, and not the mere growth of scholarship (which has increased slowly), that has caused the recent interest in new translations of the Bible. Committees have been hard at it — the Confraternity, the Westminster — and so have individuals: J. B. Phillips, E. V. Rieu, Ronald Knox, James Kleist, and others. The committee performances are faceless and the individual versions too obviously wear the single face of the translator. The King James Version has been tampered with and compromised in the Revised Standard Version, which has neither the merits of real modernity nor those of genuine antiquity. So far the only effect of these efforts has been to dislodge that familiar piece of furniture, the Authorized Version, from the mind. With this much done, the combined Protestant Churches of England, Ireland and Scotland bravely decided to court disaster and hope for a miracle. They organized a new committee on the model of James'.

The lightning did not strike—either of miracle or catastrophe; *The New English Bible* is merely another step in the clearing process already under way. The best of modern scholarship and academic literary taste has gone into the project. The pooling of talents and views is reflected in the fact that the Oxford and Cambridge presses are bringing it out as a joint production. For thirteen years men labored on this New Testament, the first of three parts to their plan, the Old Testament and the Apocrypha to follow. (The King James must have written itself in electric leaps—the whole Bible in four years).

THE RESULT is, of course, less direct than the Jacobean effort, more diffuse. The modern ethical language is a water that gets into the dark, stinging wine. Paul's warring principles — flesh and spirit — become "life lived on a spiritual level" and "life on the level of one's lower nature." The calm nerves of the old language have taken on a modern nervousness, an unwillingness to offend that is mere weakness. The beatitudes have gone flabby ("How blessed are those who know that they are poor. . . . How blest are those of a gentle spirit. . . . How blest are those who hunger and thirst to see right prevail"). How languid are they who "modernize" language by beginning sentences with "How."

The Wise Men, the Magi, become "astrologers." The challenge of paradox is softened by periphrasis: "Whoever cares for his own safety is lost; but if a man will let himself be lost for my sake, that man is safe." Tax-gatherers "and other bad characters" wander in from the streets (presumably wearing levis) to hear the parable of the lost sheep. The sweeping organ-prelude to John's first letter is broken into stray pipings and stutterings: the music of "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled" becomes "It

was there from the beginning; we have heard it; we have seen it with our own eyes; we looked upon it, and felt it with our own hands."

Paul's crowd and crush of words, the traffic-jams of thronging ideas, are neatly sorted out, his abrupt phrases softened by smooth transitions. "The first man is of the earth, earthy" becomes "The first man was made of the dust of the earth." "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three" becomes "In a word, there are three things that last forever: faith, hope, and love." "I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some" becomes "Indeed, I have become everything in turn to men of every sort, that in one way or another I may save some." "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us" becomes "We are no better than pots of earthenware to contain this treasure, and this proves that such transcendent power does not come from us, but is God's alone."

The thunder of apocalypse is modulated to a kind of classroom hum of explanation. The large simplicity of the words that sound over Satan and his fallen crew — "And prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven" — becomes "but they had not the strength to win, and no foothold was left them in heaven." The fresh ripple of words — "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely" — is slowed to brackish dribbles in "A draught from the watersprings of life will be my free gift to the thirsty." The quotations from Isaiah and the Psalms bode ill for the later part of this project.

The first reaction to this descent from the high language of the past is a feeling of desecration. But, aside from the historical necessity for such gropings and fresh grapplings with the text, there are other advantages of a more immediate sort. There are some textual corrections (though far too few to serve, as they do in the introduction, as the primary reason for a whole new translation). Some phrases are made clearer, even pithier, in the new version (*e.g.*, John 2.4, I Cor. 15.8). Hidden in the anonymous group of translators is at least one man of genius, who makes the two epistles to Timothy burn with Paul's impatience and urgency. In short, the translation is far superior to all modern attempts except that *tour de force* by the master of English prose, Ronald Knox. And even Knox allows himself to be more elegant than the original in certain places.

Perhaps the epistles to Timothy will be retained, along with Knox's lyrical renderings of the psalmists and prophets, by absorption in later translators' attempts — as Coverdale and Tyndale were absorbed into the King James Version. Years of fluidity preceded and prepared the way for the fixation of a text under James. We are back in that fluid state; but when (or whether) we will again touch solid ground, no one knows.

Baedeker to Boredom

GEORG MANN

THE British have endured phonies for so many centuries more than Americans that they have developed not only a taste but a taxonomy for the entire breed. The brutal gamesmanship of Stephen Potter, the manic bureaucracies of C. Northcote Parkinson, the leverages of C. P. Snow have shipped well across the Atlantic. (There is no point in discussing the Angry Young Men; they were too much impressed by the entire business to be discriminating shoppers.)

The S-Man, by Mark Caine. Houghton Mifflin, $3.00

The latest entry in this league is a calm volume—calm like a corpse is calm—which purports to be a guidebook to success.

The book calls itself "The Private Language of Success" on the dust jacket, and "A Grammar of Success" on the title page. The monetary values in the text have carefully been translated into American; the social values are as indomitably British as a curate.

I opened this book with high hopes, and a list of preferred names to trample, during my meteoric rise to the top, handy beside my typewriter. I had even prepared a quiet note, with no forwarding address, consigning my wife and children to the lowland past they deserved. Somehow, I couldn't follow Mr. Caine's road map, even though some of the road signs were charming. If any of the readers wants to know how to become a success, there is no point in coming around to me or to Mark Caine, either. Our ideas haven't jelled enough. And this in spite of the fact we are both free of the damning F-neurosis which makes for failure.

Caine doesn't really tell how, and he is often dull to boot. But in the specifics, he can be a charmer. He is, for one thing, a great believer in the virtues of running about, of, as our Cis-Atlantic ancestors would have said, "Being on the go." Sociologist W. Lloyd Warner would recognize the symptoms of onward and upward mobility. Beginning with the statement, "The first step toward success is taken when you refuse to be a captive of the environment in which you find yourself," through the exhortation, "Get moving!" to "The success can never think of resting. To rest is to fail," and the continued attacks on getting into a rut, the would-be S-man is kept constantly on the run.

People, I am sure my readers will be startled to learn, exist to be used. "Success is not being something but using something," which makes the author as percipient as the average athletic coach. The success, the S-Man, believes in hard work, other people's hard work. "The man of talent is limited by the fact that his talent is for something. The S-Man has no such limitation since he has no specific talent." Or a slight variant, "The man of talent stays up there as the result of his own efforts, the success as a result of those of other people." Another angle—"The success no more uses people than the oil uses the machine." Once more, "The S-Man abandons the race in favor of handing out the prizes." And finally, "It doesn't matter how many wrong horses you back; but never make the mistake of running yourself

unless you are absolutely sure of winning." The real gem is "Learn to organize. An organization enables a man to blame others for his own mistakes."

Mr. Caine is as dutiful toward sex as he is toward his other areas, occasionally revealing ambitions beyond the dreams of Abelard. On one hand, he seems to insist that sex is indulged in for the sake of enjoyment (a revelation rocking few dovecotes); on the other, he duskily suggests it offers means of upward mobility. This is nice work if you can get it, but the unemployment figures are mounting everywhere.

Between the few peaks, the prose flattens off. What is to be made of "To become disillusioned is a necessary adjunct of success"? On the other hand, few could deny the insights of "Those who have not passed the inhibition barrier think of the few jobs which exist and the thousands who apply for them. The nascent S-Man thinks of the thousands of jobs which apply to him." And there is pith in the formulation of The Prostitute's Fallacy, "To do the same thing again for the same amount of money."

But, recovering from the essential bland diet of the prose, compounded with the cotton wool of the specific directions, there are only two possible conclusions. One is that becoming a success is duller, more chancy, less fun, and more trouble than one has previously assumed. The other buttresses the statement, "The S-Man never seems to go to the bathroom."

Pardon me.

Fiction

American Best Seller in Russia

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

DESPITE Nikita Khrushchev's patient efforts to bring us to our senses, the art of peaceful coexistence is only in its infancy, and it is still a literary event of considerable magnitude when an American novel is published simultaneously in Moscow and New York. When we learn that this selfsame novel is also being serialized in *Piatnitskaya*, a Soviet literary magazine, we realize at last just how far Gospodin Khrushchev is prepared to go in his effort to level the barriers of suspicion and misunderstanding between our two great nations.

Meeting at a Far Meridian, by Mitchell Wilson. Doubleday, $4.50

The lucky novelist, Mitchell Wilson, is no stranger to the Soviet reading public. The jacket of his book tells us that he vies with Hemingway and Remarque as one of the three most popular foreign writers in Russia. Moreover, there is evidence—not only from the jacket again, but internally, from the detailed descriptions of Soviet life—that he has spent considerable time in the Soviet Union, and even speaks passable Russian. Finally—and importantly, since the milieu of the book is the arcane world of atomic physics—the author has at least a modest claim to distinction as a physicist. These are valuable assets, and Mr. Wilson makes the most of them.

The central protagonist of *Meeting at a Far Meridian* is Nicholas Rennet, an American atomic physicist nearing forty, whose scientific creativity mysteriously shriveled in the white glare of the first atomic explosion at Alamogordo in 1945. In the very first chapter he tries the adultery cure, but it is soon plain that something more will be required to rekindle his inner flame. Proceeding to Moscow to settle an abstruse technical dispute with his Soviet opposite number, Dmitri Petrovitch Goncharoff, Rennet cuts a fair-sized swath through the distaff side of Muscovite society before finding his soul again in the course of some high-altitude technology on a mountaintop in the Caucasus. The scientific disagreement that brought him to the Soviet Union in the first place remains unresolved as the book closes—no doubt to spare the sensibilities of *Piatnitskaya's* patriotic readers (or possibly Doubleday's)—but at least Rennet's personal demon has been slain.

This is a modern novel. That is to say, Rennet is a thoroughly up-to-date chap whose pursuit of the twin ideals of truth (*i.e.*, science) and beauty (women) entails no silly maundering over "absolutes":

> I disagree with you that "right is right" and "wrong is wrong," if by that you mean there is such a thing as an absolute right and an absolute wrong. In all of nature, there is no evidence of any such thing.

Thus unencumbered by moral imperatives at either the personal or national level, Rennet is able to ingest Soviet life in great, aromatic hunks. And it is right here that Mr. Wilson's novel asserts, from the American standpoint, its most persuasive claim to praise. For those of us who never expect to see Moscow at all, unless we roll into its radioactive ashes in a tank, this book is a pretty good substitute for an Intourist excursion.

What, then, is wrong with *Meeting at a Far Meridian*? I am afraid the answer is: everything. Mr. Wilson is too wise, and I am sure too honest, to ignore the political facts of life altogether; but his wrenching dual obligation to his American and Soviet publishers compels him to distort those facts beyond all recognition. His formula is to make his characters, American and Russian alike, refer darkly to hideous *past* epochs in the histories of their respective countries. Though names are never mentioned, it is not hard to deduce that Russia was once in the fell grip of a tyrant named St-l-n, and America in the clutches of one named McC-rthy. Happily, these twin shadows have now passed from our lands: "It's over," Rennet says of America's Reign of Terror, "and all we can do is to be ashamed that we ever permitted it to happen." And Goncharoff, thinking of Mother Russia's own ordeal, echoes him: "Years ago, of course, it would have been very different. Now things are much easier." And having thus neatly disposed of the political issues, Mr. Wilson invites us to follow, through Rennet's eyes, the graceful descent of the great jets toward Vnukova in the dusk, and the gleaming lights of the capital city as they are reflected from the "liquid onyx" surface of the Moskva River at midnight.

But I could not help wondering, as I turned these purring pages, whether Mr. Wilson would have allowed his hero to admire the equivalent sights of Berlin quite so innocently and unreservedly, if Fate had taken him there during the Nazi years. Surely there were individual German physicists then, as decent and likable as Dmitri Goncharoff; yet no responsible American writer or publisher, in those days, would have dared to pretend that a novel concerning them was authentic, or even plausible, if it ignored their acquiescence in the regime their work sustained. To Mr. Wilson's characters, on the other hand, Budapest is merely the name of a city, and—with an irony that makes one wonder what his unconscious was up to—he puts one of his longest paeans to coexistence in the mouth of a Hungarian.

So Nicholas Rennet, who began by committing adultery with a woman, ends by committing it with a country, and instead of betraying only a luckless spouse betrays, by his moral blindness, the civilization that educated and rewarded him. It is a theme worthy of a great writer, and if Mr. Wilson had intended this result his novel might have had a significance far deeper than it does. Instead, he shares his hero's blindness, and thus participates in his betrayal. No wonder *Piatnitskaya* snapped him up.

Pedigree of Bolshevism

STEFAN T. POSSONY

THOUGH the subject matter of Franco Venturi's *Roots of Revolution* seems remote, it is of the greatest value for anyone who wants to understand the Russian revolution and its offspring, the Soviet Union. Venturi, an Italian diplomat and historian, has not produced a story in the style of Gibbon or Ranke: the very complexity of the subject precludes the artistic touch. But Venturi is readable, accurate and exhaustive. He has gone to the sources, including Russian archives, and he has efficiently organized an entirely refractory mass of materials.

Roots of Revolution, A History of the Populist and Socialist Movements in Nineteenth-Century Russia, by Franco Venturi. Knopf, $12.75

Since it would be pointless to recapitulate its voluminous contents or haggle about details, I want to state what this book has taught *me*. Venturi demonstrates, first, the enormous depth of the Russian revolution which by now has lasted for about 150 years. Second, many of the arguments about goals and tactics which split the revolutionary ranks between 1848 and 1881 are just about the same as the arguments of later generations of Russian and Ukrainian revolutionaries, both in exile and at home. Third, the Bolsheviks are latecomers: is it likely that they constitute the terminal point of the Russian revolutionary tradition? Fourth, though Lenin rightly considered himself to be a Marxist, he was also, and perhaps predominantly, a product of Russia. Fifth, "Leninism" is an integral part of the Russian revolutionary heritage.

It is now generally admitted that, notably with respect to notions about party organization, conspiracy, and seizure of power, S. G. Nechayev and P. N. Tkachev are among Lenin's spiritual ancestors. The historical derivation of Lenin's thinking from some of the writings of Herzen and Bakunin also has been noted. Venturi provides data about a considerable number of additional Russian revolutionaries who, with respect to some of their writings or to some phases of their lives, can be counted among Lenin's predecessors. Such revolutionary figures include A. I. Zhelyabov, the organizer of the assassination of Alexander II, and N. I. Kibalchich (a relative of Victor Serge) who attempted a synthesis between the conspiratorial and the democratic approaches to revolution. Bolshevism is the culmination of a long progressive "growth" of conspiratorial skills.

Lenin

"Conspiracy" means that revolutionaries band together in a disciplined and hierarchical organization; that this organization is commanded by an inner circle of "initiates" who maintain the utmost operational secrecy and disclose to the rank and file only "ideals" and minor operational tasks; that the organization and especially the initiates engage in unavowable types of action, such as dissimulation, mendacity, illicit financing, infiltration, policy sabotage, subversion, blackmail, sedition, procurement of weapons, terror, and often crime pure and simple; and that such an organization tends to combine secret with open revolutionary action, such as propaganda and elections, although in some cases it may avoid open actions altogether. Venturi adduces many proofs that Russian revolutionaries were past masters in combining a high idealism of motivation and intent with the crassest cynicism of action.

The Russian revolutionaries did not usually talk about "conspiracy." They spoke about "Jesuit" methods or about "Jacobinism," and Venturi casts interesting light on how Russia imported some of its conspiratorial traditions from the West. The writings of Filippo Buonarotti, author of the *Conspiracy of Equals*, and the teachings of Gracchus Babeuf were common knowledge among all generations of the Russian conspiratorial school. Carbonarism had its Russian adherents and imitators. In the style of Mazzini's earlier Young Italy and Young Europe, there was a Young Russia organization, as indeed there were many connections between Russian revolutionaries and Mazzini himself.

In many respects, the Communist *modus operandi* can be traced back to the *Revolutionary Catechism*

written in 1869 by Bakunin and Nechayev. This catechism placed great emphasis on the need for full-time professional revolutionaries, who must "know only one science, that of destruction" and must be "absorbed by a single exclusive interest, a single thought, a single passion—the revolution." "Revolutionary passion . . . must be combined with cold calculation."

The *Catechism* called for the liquidation of the intelligent opponents of revolution, the temporary sparing of the unintelligent opponents, and the blackmailing and enslaving of the great majority. The revolutionaries were asked to conspire with "ambitious politicians and liberals of various kinds," to "accept their programs and pretend to follow them blindly, trying at the same time to get control of them, to get hold of their secrets, to compromise them to the hilt so . . . that they are compelled to overthrow the state with their own hands."

Similarly, in 1878, *Zemlya i Volya* (Land and Liberty), the leading revolutionary party of the period, stated in its program that "the end justifies the means, excluding those cases in which the use of certain means may harm the organization itself."

Inside the secret *Zemlya i Volya* there was a super-secret nucleus, the so-called executive committee, which ran Jacobin-type operations. Similarly, in Ishutin's secret organization, there was a super-secret executive group appropriately named "Hell."

The super-conspiracy within a conspiracy has been a standard organizational procedure within most radical Russian revolutionary parties, including the Bolsheviks. But this vitally important feature is rarely understood in the United States, where the "conspiratorial interpretation of history" (whatever that means) frequently is rejected *a limine*. American political scientists seem to feel that recognition of the conspiratorial factor is tantamount to denying the significance of mass movements and broad sociological causation. But can we afford to ignore such a crucial phenomenon? Venturi's volume provides a conclusive answer: we would be poor students of history if we did.

I hasten to add that the leading elements of Russian society were equally ignorant about conspiracy as modern political scientists. A memorandum written by a Committee of Ministers of Czarist Russia in March 1875 reads:

> One of the main reasons for the grievous indifference which well-meaning social elements feel for the widespread propaganda of subversive principles . . . lies in the ignorance which prevails not only among most sections of the public but even among high officials in the government administration (including even the majority of the Committee of Ministers) as to the extent assumed by such propaganda. The Committee is of the opinion that in view of this ignorance, society cannot be directly reproached for not putting up serious obstacles to false doctrines. . . . In the majority of cases it is this ignorance which explains the frivolous reproaches made against the government. . . . A picture of the future that the revolutionary propagandists are preparing for the present generation, ought not to arouse any sympathy. . . . They themselves say that torrents, rivers—a deluge of blood—are necessary to bring about their ends. . . . For public opinion to break away from those who hold such doctrines, their principles must no longer remain unknown.

I find it rather disturbing that in 86 years so little has been learned about so deadly a danger.

Books of Interest

Japanese Inn, by Oliver Statler (Random House $6.50). A quiet illumination of Japan, as reflected in one great inn: the Minaguchi-ya, since 1582 a way station on the Tokaido Road between Tokyo and Kyoto.

Up from Liberalism, by William F. Buckley Jr. (McDowell, Obolensky, $3.50). With dazzling irrefutability, demonstrates that the Liberals have nowhere else to go. Now available in paperback (Hillman, 75¢).

Reality in Advertising, by Rosser Reeves (Knopf, $3.95). An impressively lucid theory of advertising by the Chairman of the Board at Ted Bates, the agency responsible not only for the Unique Selling Proposition, but for some of the most objectionable—and effective—sells ever devised.

The Hudson River Valley, by John Reed (Clarkson N. Potter, $15). With 275 photographs, some so nostalgic that one looks for the Spanish moss, this book illuminates the flow of history along the Hudson.

Theater

Vienna, City of My Dreams

FRANCIS RUSSELL

THERE ARE certain esoteric advantages to living in a try-out city like Boston. One sees a number of plays that appear so briefly in New York that they disappear before the critic's first stomp. And then there are others so thoroughly misfit, miswritten and miscast that they are interred decently on Boston Common. Also, of course, there are the bad plays that evoke enough titters and stock responses to carry them along for months. The latter though financially successful are the least interesting and are usually bought up by Hollywood.

Strangely, after one has sat through a sufficient number of complete flops one develops a half-taste for them, a certain cerebral excitement in seeing just how bad a play can manage to be. Boredom goes beyond boredom to become interest, such as one develops in button-collecting or reading the dramas of Gertrude Stein or the prose-poetry of Dwight Eisenhower. My own equivalent of, say a Confederate Navy captain's tunic button or the Eisenhower double split infinitive, is a play of a few years back called *Motel* that ran only three nights. *Motel* was so bad that it had an element of genius about it. One could sense the flavor even when the curtain was only halfway up. I am not sure *Motel*, like a folksong, even had an author. It was unforgettable, and I am grateful that I am one of

the handful of people in the world who experienced it. The plot concerned a young girl who had come to a seedy motel for an abortion and a female United States senator arriving at the same hotel for a night of dalliance with her male secretary. The senator was played by none other than Siobhan McKenna. In the end she and the unaborted girl walked away into a rosy dawn of solved dilemmas, leaving behind them the secretary, a delinquent, several policemen, and the proprietor and his wife who in the course of three acts became more reconciled to each other than the audience did to them.

Motel sustained its atmosphere from beginning to end. Of its kind it was a masterpiece, a real anti-play. Such a sustained mood is a fluke, but other less sustained plays have had their moments. I remember Charlton Heston in Ben Levy's rural drama *The Tumbler* when Mr. Levy made a wrong left turn from farces to Frye. The sight of Heston sitting atop a large red tractor haunts me still. Unfortunately, *The Tumbler* was shorn of its climax, for Marcellus failed to show up with his tractor and the race was never run.

HENRY DENKER's *A Far Country* is not of the coruscating degree of badness necessary for a flop collection. It is a completely-assembled, naively-dull play about Freud's early career in Vienna—with no assists, I understand, from the Freud family. Actually it could even be turned into a modest hit if Groucho Marx could be induced to take over the role of Dr. Freud. Otherwise I think it would do better as a soap opera serial, *Young Dr. Freud*.

The plot turns counter-clockwise about the case of young Dr. Freud's first patient, Elizabeth von Ritter, who suffers from an advanced case of pins and needles in the legs. Eventually—though it takes three acts to do it—the perspicacious doctor gets to the heart of Elizabeth when he grasps that her real trouble is she feels guilty because of being in love with her brother-in-law. That is how it began, dears, and from that point we all live happily ever after.

The trouble with that slender plot is, of course, that we know too much, like jaded adults visiting the narrow scenes of our childhood. We know what ails Elizabeth long before the doctor does, we have a mean suspicion that after this symptom is dissolved it will be replaced by something so subtly worse that it may make Elizabeth long for just a good old-fashioned neurosis like mother used to make.

In the first act the young doctor and his wife bill and coo like any soap serial couple—no doubt to show that the psychiatrist's lady and Judy O'Grady, etc. Madame Freud, of the Madame Sara Roosevelt school, is introduced, as I understand it, to convey the idea that Oedipus begins at home. I am sorry to keep lathering the soap, but that's the way the play was. Night after night young Dr. Freud sits at his desk cudgeling his brains about those pins and needles. Morning filters through the heavy curtains, and he is still there, exhausted, his head buried in his arms.

Then suddenly he has it! The symptoms originate in the patient's suppressed thoughts. Columbus sights the unconscious; the apple is shot from Newton's head. Young Dr. Freud now becomes Mr. District Attorney. When Elizabeth comes for her next visit he really puts it to her in a cross-examination that Darrow would have envied, until suddenly with a shriek . . .

Reviewer's ethics as a rule forbid revealing the dénouement, but as I suspect that when this appears in print *A Far Country* will be back of beyond I shall merely add that Elizabeth appears on crutches and disappears either afoot or on roller skates. With those 1890 skirts it is hard to tell. In passing, Elizabeth is played by the full-blown Kim Stanley. And for antique lovers there is a replica of THE COUCH.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE RUSSIANS, by Stephan Strogoff (Random House, $3.75). What chiefly distinguishes this otherwise naive melodrama about a young Russian who collaborated with the Germans is its implicit reminder of the intransigence of what, loosely, we call the Slavic soul. For nearly half a century now it has simmered under the lid which Marxian imagination and Soviet politics have clamped on it. But it is still there—as massive, extremist and purist as ever—and its relentless, if slow, instinct for self-reckoning, which is so obsessive in the great Russian novelists, may sooner or later be more than even Dialectical Materialism can restrain. P. MELIK

THE SEMI-SOVEREIGN PEOPLE, by E.E. Schattschneider (Holt, $4.95). This brief volume has some enlightening ideas: among them, an attempt to find out who are the 40 per cent of the eligible voters who voluntarily don't vote, and who are the 60 per cent who do vote. Another is a valuable analysis of pressure groups, their power, and their lilliputian size. These gems of intelligence are displayed upon acres of black velvet confusion. On one page the author writes, "The government now needs above everything else the steady support of the public and this support cannot be had without a new scale of public involvement in public life.... The expansion of the participating political community ought to be a major objective of American politics." On a later page he writes: "The tendency of the literature of politics is to place a tremendous

(Continued on p. 294)

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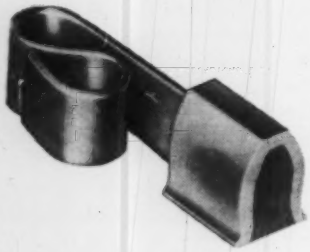

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South Bend, Ind. CLARENCE MANION

Machiavelli

Your last issue was superb. I am glad you published Giuseppe Prezzolini's piece on Machiavelli ["The Kernel of Machiavelli," April 8]—how much better off we would be if a few recent Presidents had read and understood what Machiavelli said.

Chicago, Ill. HENRY REGNERY

I have often wondered how a great scholar can tear himself away from the pursuit of ever deeper layers of truth to—well, to write a history of spaghetti, for instance.

No longer. Giuseppe Prezzolini's article on Machiavelli has revealed the secret.

First, you must carefully close every door which would lead down into the cellars of wisdom:

e.g. You note that Machiavelli has discovered the interpretation of politics free of morality. Will you go on to discover whether or not this was his fatal mistake? Not on your life. Can a triangle be good or bad? Close that door.

e.g. You assert that it is not a statesman's job to save men's souls. Do you hear a voice saying that the salvation of men's souls might be important even if beyond the competence of the state, and that it just might be useful for the statesman to consider whose business it is, and what duties and benefits might accrue to the state from encouraging the exercise of this extra-political competence? No, you are deaf in that ear. Bang goes another door.

e.g. You leap to the conclusion that a statesman should be willing to act counter to his conscience and even to lose his soul for his own country. Was that Thomas Aquinas who just turned over in his grave? Who is Thomas Aquinas? Slam it hard.

Now you need some scholarly embellishments, preferably philological. The whole trouble with previous commentators on Machiavelli is that the dumb clucks didn't understand about the Latin roots of the word virtue, which really means strength and not goodness. And only an Anglo-Saxon oaf would fail to realize that a Prince could be a President.

So *finally* you are ready for a sweeping summary which will obliterate all distinctions and so leave no room for argumentation. Thus, Machiavellianism is reduced to a mere matter of realism, and who is ready to take a stand against realism? By this ideological elision any commendatory action of any statesman anywhere, be he Lincoln, Eisenhower or whoever, becomes synonymous with Machiavellianism . . . and please let's not obfuscate the matter with religious euphoria.

Now that's settled, let's get on to something else. The world is so full of a number of things . . . I always say, that a man has only himself to blame if he is bored.

Granville, Mass. CAROL ROBINSON

I will leave the husk of Machiavelli to those better qualified to judge it. I doubt if anyone will soon equal Mr. Prezzolini's kernelizing, however, when he took care of all religions and many philosophies in a single sentence.

This came so hard on the heels of some rough journeying with statesmen, judges, generals and Mr. Lincoln that I must admit I did the intolerable and abandoned ship.

Northwood, Iowa C. T. BERGEN, M.D.

I hope you will not receive too many tedious letters opposing Dr. Prezzolini's excellent article on Machiavelli. The point to remember is that Machiavelli need not be accepted as the complete philosopher, merely to appreciate his great insights into the organism of government, and the art of statecraft. Hjalmar Schacht is a superb economic technician, though we shouldn't want to construct a theology around his economics; the Marquis de Sade has much to say, at a very profound level, that is disconcerting to Manichaeans—and we can recognize this without being sadists, or voluptuaries: the point is simple, namely that most arguments about

Machiavelli are not arguments at all, because they pass themselves on different sides of the street. No argument is productive which focuses on whether a triangle is colored green.

New Haven, Conn. JOHN STAUFFER

Dr. Prezzolini's defense of Machiavelli stands out as a paean to positivism, the one really scandalous lapse in NATIONAL REVIEW'S brilliant history. Out of the depths of my bewilderment I ask: *how* could you bring yourselves to print an article that so brazenly flouts the moral consensus of the West; an article, moreover, whose intellectual level never rises above that of an undergraduate magazine?

One example can serve as a paradigm of the author's slovenly mental habits: "The concept of evil implicit in human nature is not extraneous to *early* Christian thought." (Italics mine.) Does Dr. Prezzolini think this concept died with Gregory the Great?

Not without reason has Machiavelli been the bedside *Esquire* of tyrants; nor should anyone be surprised that immoral principles are welcomed on the Columbia campus, and intellectual imprecision honored. But to find these in America's most distinguished magazine—heralded with extravagant editorial fanfare, at that—is both a shock and a disgrace.

Pelham Manor, N.Y. NEIL MCCAFFREY

Given the existence of Communism, a country such as the U.S. ought to bring its power to bear. Certainly! But what is this? "When you carry the burden of responsibility for an organized society, your scruples of conscience become secondary."

It seems that a Machiavellian would not admit a conscience in the field of public morality in the first place. But the article suggests that a statesman with what I would call a correct conscience has "scruples" whenever he uses power. Lincoln did not allow secession and we had war. So people were killed. Am I to understand that Lincoln did wrong simply because people were killed and that anyone doing the same who was not Machiavellian would have "scruples of conscience"?

A proper notion of morality ought to admit a more elaborate set of distinctions, for a mere division into private and public won't cover the field. . . .

St. Benedict, Ore. BRADFORD T. BURKE

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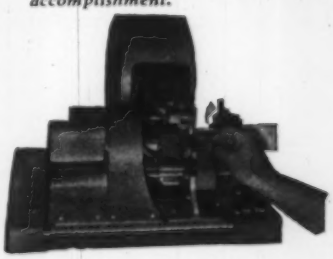
Rowland Hughes
U. S. Budget Director, 1955

The wolf of socialism wears the clothing of sheep of many breeds. Whether in the guise of farm subsidies, socialized medicine, or government operation of business—each takes away a bit more of our rights as individuals . . . moves us a step further down the road to the slavery of socialism. As individuals and as a Company, we distrust any scheme, whether private or by government, which seeks to take from the dignity of the individual and the freedom of his enterprise. ***The philosophy we try to practice in our Company is to encourage individual responsibility and to reward individual accomplishment.***



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Away With Pessimists!

The pessimism displayed by Professor Berns ["The Fantasy of World Government," April 22] is opposed to the inevitable maturation of mankind. Any fool can see that today the establishment of a democratic world government is not possible. However, we should not try to restrain efforts in that direction because the sooner that our civilization realizes that democratic world government is by far the best policy for preserving peace, the better off we, and our children, will be.

Annapolis, Md. KENNETH METVINER

Border Violence

Your correspondent ["Change of Command in Austria," by E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn, April 8] states that "the first acts of violence" (in what he calls the Central Tyrol) "have fortunately resulted only in the destruction of a Fascist monument."

Your noble correspondent ignores or forgets that the first act of violence was committed three or four years ago by a group of German-speaking gentlemen who clubbed to death an unarmed Italian soldier in a village of so-called Central Tyrol.

This show of barbarism is in keeping with the fact that many S.S. soldiers of Hitlerian memory came from the ethnic group that inhabits the "Central Tyrol."

New York, N.Y. GIOVANNI M. PAGANI, M.D.

Axe-Grinder?

I know my NATIONAL REVIEW too well to suppose it means what it appears to be saying in plain English. But Peter Melik ["Modern Vocations," April 8] says, "when a man sees what he is, then the rest of the Truth, the Catholic Truth, readily follows," and I would like to know this: if he isn't grinding the axe of the Catholic Church, then what in Sam Hill *is* he doing?

Penn Yan, N.Y. E. H. PETTERBORG

Mr. Melik Replies

I am afraid I owe Mr. Petterborg, as well as anyone else who shares his exasperation, an apology, though not so much for grinding an axe, Catholic or otherwise, as for failing to write with sufficient precision. What I mean, in the sentence he quotes, is that once a human being realizes that he is "in need," then the Catholic Truth can readily follow, in the sense that it is logically sequential. I did not mean to imply that it must. Indeed I could not have, since I myself am not a Catholic, Roman or Anglican. In fact, my whole point, as should have been clear from the remainder of the paragraph, was simply to wonder if a man—say Mr. Petterborg or myself—need necessarily be a member of the Catholic community in order to share, and act upon, its relevant Truth.

Ike's Memoirs

I understand that ex-President Eisenhower is writing his memoirs.

Will there be an English translation?

Arcadia, Cal. J. E. CARBERRY

Alsop Is Bright

The trouble with Lief Erikson was that he discovered America too soon.

In the editorial in the March 11 issue entitled "Charade Ending?" you muse about the melancholy satisfactions of Cassandra. A most irritating aspect of Cassandra's situation is that, discovering truth long in advance of her contemporaries, she is never credited for her discovery.

NATIONAL REVIEW knew the score all the time. Sharp as a marshmallow, Stewart Alsop has discovered that the UN is not very neutral in the Congo. It is his discovery. It is further proof that he is bright.

Like Columbus, Stewart has discovered America. To him go all the trophies. NATIONAL REVIEW discovered America too soon; and deserves the scorn of the conquistadors.

Chesterton, Ind. JOHN JOHNSON

Wit Appreciated

My compliments to Mr. Paul R. Carlsten for his terrific sense of humor ["To the Editor," April 8]. To quote his exquisite wit: "One need only consider the present timidity of educators . . ."; and ". . . how intimidated teachers are already without HUAC badgering." Oh, my sides!

Mr. Carlsten's slapstick satire is heightened of course by the lively facts that: a) educators are the most loud-mouthed, demonstrative, shameless pressure-group in the country; and b) the NEA, the PTA, etc. and their allies are far more apt to do the intimidating than is the HUAC and its supporters. . . .

JAMES J. BAUMGARTNER

Mountain Brook, Ala.

Deal?

Could there be any connection between the release of our two fliers and the timely resumption of air transport service between this country and the Soviet Union?

Indianapolis, Ind. KATHERINE RYAN

There could.—ED.

Finale

Dear Mr. Townsend:
Let's say both you *and* I were took.
The note which I responded to
Was evidently not true-blue.
I share your shock; I get your drift.
I think they've given you short shrift.
But accenting the positive's
An editor's prerogative.
As to the rest, as when you state
That Catholic schools "don't segregate,"
Now it's *your* turn to furnish proof.
Now it's *my* turn to be aloof.
Statistically, I wish you'd state
How Catholic schools *do* integrate.
Officially they do, I know,
But in this instance, I'm from Mo.
"How many in Park West abide?"
Ask Webb and Knapp. I've tried and tried.

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Stage Slight

May I add one vote in the affirmative for Priscilla Buckley's views in "Make Mine Camelot" [April 8]. However, I feel she slighted Richard Burton in her discussion of this wonderful musical. In my book, he made the show a success and is truly one of the finest, if indeed not the best, performers on the American stage today.

Scarsdale, N.Y. DAVE FLINK

OPERATION ABOLITION

(Continued from p. 280)

the student committee, Judge Axelrod said:

> However, they chose the wrong means to accomplish their purpose and let themselves become victims of those who profit by creating unrest, riots, and the type of conduct which is outlawed by the penal code section I have quoted.

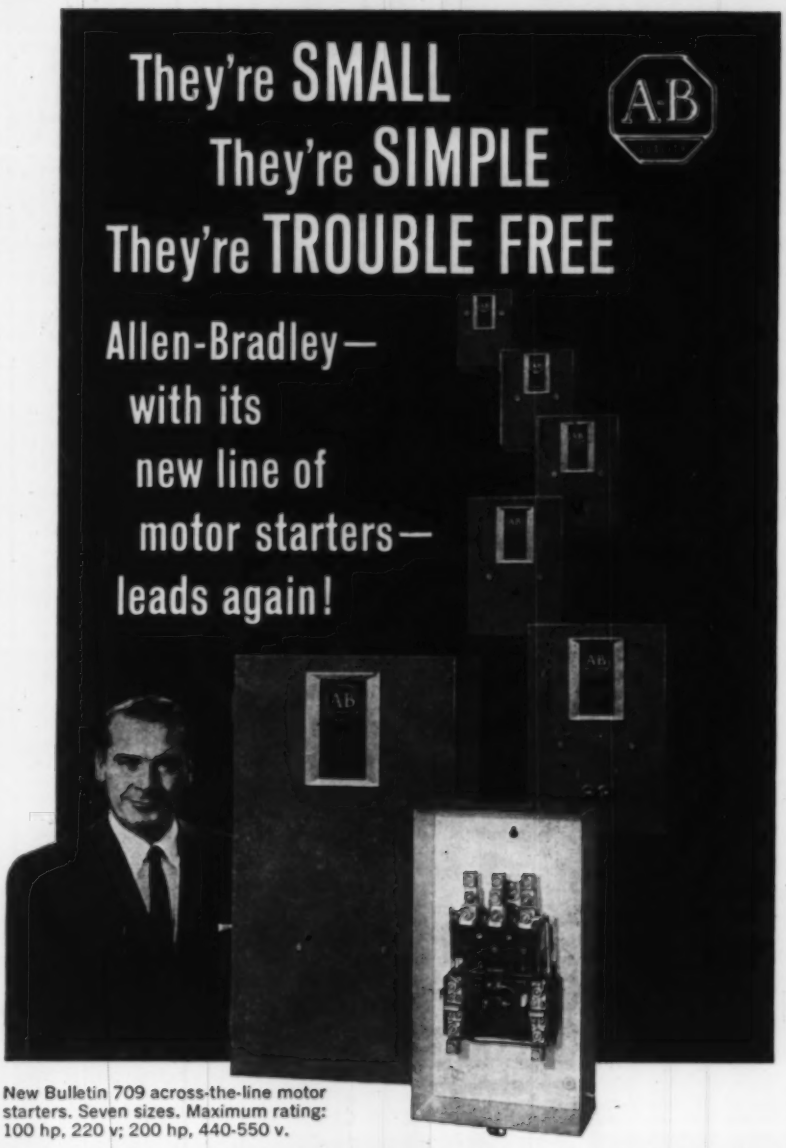
Leaving no doubt that he was grossly misrepresented, or as to the identity of those "who create unrest," Judge Axelrod told the Associated Press:

"At no time did I condone their conduct. A single sentence from my decision, quoted out of context, created that false impression."

The judge, according to AP, added that " 'I very definitely agree' with the view of FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover that the City Hall riot last May 13 was instigated by Communist subversives." He had dismissed the charges against the students, he said, because "a protracted mass trial with 62 defendants and 16 attorneys would not only be costly from a monetary sense but would play directly into the hands of those who create unrest and do everything in their power to upset our democratic processes and way of life."

"While his decision did not use the specific word 'Communist,' " AP concluded, "Judge Axelrod said in an interview there was no question in his mind that the students were made use of by subversives, and 'it makes no difference whether you pronounce it *tomayto* or *tomahto*.' "

Those are three of the principal misrepresentations being used in the effort to discredit *Operation Abolition*. If space allowed, several others could be detailed here. I think, however, that enough has been said to suggest who is in fact distorting what in this dispute.



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MANY THANKS TO ALL MY GOOD CLIENTS, many of them now my friends, for their response to the series of advertisements I have been running in NATIONAL REVIEW. I am now off for a six-week vacation. If you have been thinking of buying or renting up here in beautiful Litchfield County, Conn., write me your requirements. On my return, the middle of June, I will send you all the information you may wish on my fine listings: Farms, estates, acreage, village houses and vacation spots. M. L. Burnham, Kent, Conn. WAlker 7-3117.

ON VILLAGE GREEN in quaint Cape Cod north shore town, with no motels. Completely restored home. Living, dining, music room, kitchen, powder room, four bedrooms. Oil burner, two car garage. Town water and electricity. $34,500. M. Fay, Barnstable, Mass.

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307 WORLDWIDE DIFFERENT STAMPS only 25¢. Approvals. Niagara Stamps, St. Catharines 214, Ontario.

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IN 1861, $20 per week was a comfortable income; today $40 is considered insufficient. Why? Read "Raising The Minimum Wage." Communism, though weak and rotten since its inception, threatens the entire world. Why? Read "Why Are We Losing?" Above tracts 15¢ each. Public Opinion, Box 44N, L.I. City 4, N.Y.

AVAILABLE FOR LIMITED SPEAKING ENGAGEMENTS during 1961 season: Wm. F. Buckley Jr., James Burnham, Frank S. Meyer, Wm. A. Rusher. Write to M. Catherine Babcock, Inc., 110 Thomas Lane, Virginia Beach, Virginia, for details.

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OPERATION ABOLITION, film showing Red methods of operation in riots vs. HUAC in San Francisco in May 1960, will be shown on basis of CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCES, ADMISSION FREE (to holders of this ad and their friends). Ed. J. Canavan, Pres. PATRICK HENRY LEAGUE, will introduce the film. After each viewing, a brief discussion by Dennis Brennen of Manhattan College and John Butler of Fordham University, both on Greater NY Council Board of Directors, YOUNG AMERICANS FOR FREEDOM. For reservations for groups of 20 or more, phone CY 8-7291 on weekdays between 6-7 p.m. The time: Sat., May 6th, showings at 12 noon, 1:30, 3:00, 4:30, 6:00, 8:00, and 9:30 p.m. The Place: ACADEMY HALL, 853 BROADWAY AT 14th ST., NYC. Sponsored by the PATRICK HENRY LEAGUE. (Free literature available from Box 383, Main P.O., Yonkers, N.Y.)

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PERSONAL

A DAGNY TAGGERT wishes to write to a John Galt. Write Box 80, National Review.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

(Continued from p. 289)

premium on the role of the interested and to treat indifference as a mortal sin, but the reluctance of the public to press its opinions on the government . . . is really not as bad a thing as we may have been led to think; it is a mark of reasonableness and common sense." Excellent reading for split personalities.

R. WHEELER

INDIA AND THE WEST, by Barbara Ward (Norton, $4.50). John Sherman Cooper, who is often described as a Republican Senator from Kentucky, finds this volume "timely." No doubt it is, in the sense that any plea to give away $1 billion-plus annually (with precious few strings attached, lest we offend the sensitive Indians) is the perennial Bold New Approach. A mixed bag of authorities from Smith and Burke to Keynes and Galbraith gets cited, casually, though Miss Ward manages to make them all read like last Sunday's *New York Times*. But the real stuff of the book is platitudes; for the author, they dissolve the most stubborn problems. And so Miss Ward may yet succeed Mrs. Roosevelt as first lady of the Liberal world, though she can never replace her in our hearts. Miss Ward keeps her blue stockings mended; she is *coherent*, and that spoils all the fun.

N. MCCAFFREY

STRATEGIC INTELLIGENCE AND THE SHAPE OF TOMORROW, by William M. McGovern (Regnery, $4.00). The forbidding title is misleading. This book is not a heavy, theoretical argument, but an informative little primer on what everyone should know about intelligence matters. It is also delightful reading. Mr. McGovern has traveled widely about the world, and uses his broad experience to illuminate his subject. His judgments and conclusions are based, not on propaganda formulas, but on hard-headed common sense. He counts it, for example, a strategically meaningful fact that in India Hindus and Moslems loathe one another, and suggests *not* that we immediately institute Brotherhood proceedings, but that we remember the facts in choosing allies.

J. P. MCFADDEN

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